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THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

I.

JOAN OF ARC.*

IF England must bear a large share of the shame of her martyrdom, the children of England have, at any rate, shown the most various anxiety for the right vindication of the memory of the immortal Maid. We all know her story from our childhood; she is one of the darlings of history; the warm instincts of young readers go out to embrace her, and to believe in her; the successive recitations of her brief, brave, and brilliant career do not add very much to our knowledge,—the outline facts are always the same, but hers is one of those stories of magnanimity and martyrdom which one never wearies of reading; it is like a fine piece of old music, an ancient song to which great composers, from age to age, set the varying accompaniments of their genius; it is like the portrait of some illustrious character, beheld upon the different canvases of Titian, or Velasquez; Vandyke, or Reynolds; the same, but beheld through different tints and tones of colour. We own it very much as a duty to the spiritual in human nature, never to let that story grow stale or old; if anything human can ever convince the sceptic of our near neighbourhood to an unseen world of spiritual might and power, or the capacity of the poor nature we bear for high unselfishness; if any story can fire young minds to faith in purity, in noble and holy purpose, it is the story of that poor peasant-girl, who, with nothing that we call education, received lessons from an immediate ministration of inward light; who, “out of weakness was made strong, waxed valiant in fight; turned to flight the armies of the

**The Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc, called the Maid.* By Harriet Parr, author of “*In the Silver Age,*” &c. 2 volumes. Smith, Elder and Co.

"aliens"; delivered her country; settled the right of royal succession; acknowledged, and put the crown upon the head of her uncrowned king; and finished her course upon a stake, high as the roofs of the houses of Rouen, amidst the flames, with the name of Jesus, the last word on her lips; a broken crucifix, improvised by a soldier at the moment from a piece of wood, pressed to her breast; the unquestioned marvel, almost the miracle of these later ages, the strong and beautiful Maid of Domremy! So that our readers may gather that we are in no mood to stint our homage; in truth, every successive deeper insight into the facts of the times, and the life, only seem to invest it with a deeper cloud of glory and splendour. Our present writer says, "some traits will be found in the character of the Maid which a sentimental tenderness has commonly slurred over, regarding them as blemishes;" but we are unable to find any such traces, and we quite believe with Miss Parr, that "the truth of a nature so loyal, religious, and pure, is more touching with its rudenesses and its shadows upon it, than with any glosses overlaying them." But, really, among all the great characters of history, perhaps this girl shines most without a shadow, if she had an enthusiasm mystical and grand, by which alone indeed she could be sustained through her matchless work; her next chief characteristic seems to have been her extraordinary, plain, practical good sense, both in what she dictated to the statesmen about her, and in what she determined as wisest for the protection of her own integrity and maidenhood.

We are glad, then, to see that in our literature her name is worthily enshrined. Her own country, if we except the magnificent statue in Versailles,—a priceless gem of art, by a princess, Mary of Wurtemberg; and Michelet's splendid coruscation of prejudices about her, in his history of France, has done less to vindicate her memory than either England or Germany; less, if we except the bulky and almost uncountable volumes of collections of French documents and memoirs, published by the Society of the History of France. It was appropriate and natural that Voltaire should assail her memory with the ribaldry of his pen; yet, even he, in his celebrated essay, attempts to do her a justice in compensation for the enormous wickedness of his drama. It is, perhaps, not wonderful that the genius of Shakespeare seemed to desert him in the well-known scene in which he introduces the Maid in *Henry the Sixth*. Schiller desired to do her homage, but his *Maid of Orleans* is singularly unworthy of the author of *Wallenstein* and the *Piccolomini*. He surely quite missed the

way of his genius when he entangled her, who has ever since by almost all writers, been called "The inspired Maid," in the toils and weaknesses of a human passion,—*her* passion was her monarch and her country; and we fancy had she come to scrutinize with her mere woman's eye, the courtiers and soldiers by whom she was surrounded, they would have seemed to her but poor things—as in truth, they seem to us. And the impetuosity, the contradictory, and involved vehemence the uncertainty and irresolution of her character, as drawn by Schiller, have no warrant at all in that directness of purpose with which she kept to her mark, when, in her hours of success, and that saintly and patient calm, only relieved by the sprightly sallies of wit, good sense, and even good humour with which she wore her heavy chains in suffering. Robert Southey's poem is an epic, and if it have far fewer marks of the highest order of genius than Schiller's drama, it is more worthy of the subject, and sustained by a far purer conception of the character. We need not refer to the novels and *nouvellettes*, in whose pages she has been made the heroine, but in such a connection, when recapitulating the names of those who have done her honour, we must not forget the singularly beautiful and admirable *resumé* of Earl Stanhope, published in the *Quarterly Review*, in 1842, it is pervaded by a calm, but elevated, enthusiasm for the heroine, and while De Quincey's brilliant rhapsody rose like a chant or song to her memory, that paper was unquestionably the most wise and able summary of opinion and fact available for general readers, until the publication of the two volumes from the graceful pen of Miss Parr, which have given to us the pleasure of renewing our impressions of this singular heroine. But, for an adequate estimate of the work Joan of Arc did, a reader should link her story with the before-and-after of French History, those who have not done this are in danger of falling into what, we believe, is a popular delusion, of regarding her as a brilliant, but ineffective apparition; a vehement, but momentary, spasm in the affairs of France—this was not the case. We have often thought how charming the task would be, how well it would repay the most curious researches of scholarship, the most fervid and affluent possessions of genius, if they were bestowed on a full-length delineation of the times of Charles VII., of France; it seems the ages of nations must be named after kings, however weak and worthless the king may be; certainly it would not be easy to find a weaker or more unkingly-looking king, whether in person or power, than Charles VII., but his reign and age formed an important turning-point in the history and destinies of France; in various periods of his life, he had the fortune to

find his throne and person surrounded by illustrious characters and advisers; and the events of his reign were of imminent interest; England seemed very likely to wring France from herself, and to make her an appendage of the English crown; the victories of Agincourt and Poitiers, &c., had been achieved, Henry V. was just dead, but English arms were in the full flush of their splendour and victory—the conquerors had become audacious; they regarded themselves as possessors of France, the regents of the boy king, Henry VI. were claiming the crown of France for him, and giving to the poor ill-starred little lad, partly in the assertion of the right of his mother, Margaret, but principally in the faith in their own victories, the title of King of France. As to France, she had no national unity, there was a large party hanging its hope and allegiance on England, with which for the time, acted the Duke of Burgundy. There were the extensive marches of Armagnac and Lorraine, unconquered by England, but by no means enthusiastic in the royal cause; Paris was in possession of the English; the king, held in a kind of merry-hearted, careless poverty, his little Court at Chinon; in fact an exile and outcast in his own dominions. From Rouen and Normandy, along the banks of the Seine, from Paris to Rheims, and to the important central city of Orleans, the country was in the grasp of the English. Charles was uncrowned; apparently held his crown somewhat cheaply; not only was his country torn, but his family; the English were enemies, but the worst foe Charles had was his bad mother, Isabeau of Bavaria; her life had been so questionable, or rather unquestionable, that there were grave doubts of his legitimacy; at any rate he had not been crowned, and, in the estimation of multitudes, was only the Dauphin of France. All his kingly powers were shadows; his evils were real enough. Thus, in two or three words, our readers may a little realize the state of the country; one spot was unconquered, Orleans held out before a protracted siege; Orleans lost to the French, the whole French nation would lie at the mercy of the English. Of great soldiers, we meet with the names of none in the service of the king; Georges de la Trémouille was the chief statesman; a mere man of craft and time-serving, whose chief purpose seemed to be to widen all dissensions, keep the king apart from such friends as the Constable de Richemont, for instance, who might serve his cause, that he might be secure in his own greedy interests; Whence to so hapless a nation, and so helpless a monarch, could help and healing come?

In the little village, now called distinctively Domremy la Pucelle, a little insignificant spot on the borders of Lorraine, on

the night of Epiphany, 1412; Joan d'Arc was born, the child of a peasant-pair named Jacques d'Arc and Isabelle Rommée, his wife. If the warlike state of the country had not extended as far as the nearest town of Vaucouleurs, or ravaged her native village, the sounds of its approach came ringing, nearer and nearer. The oppressiveness of cruel taxes was felt by the poor and the rich, and often there came wandering, staggering along through the village, stray refugees, wounded and broken soldiers of France, to whom the little Jeanne, it is on record, would give up her bed, going to sleep herself in the hayloft. Enthusiasm for, and loyalty to, her suffering country, seem to have been early instincts in the child; the great motive of her life was not less truly than admirably and simply expressed in her reply to a question on her trial as to "what moved her to action?" "The pity for the realm of France." In the village, there was only one Burgundian, and she repeatedly said from year to year, she "would have liked to have chopped his head off." As we have said before, in our modern sense, Jeanne was quite an uneducated girl; she seems to have been well versed in the useful arts of spinning, sewing, milking, and the tendence of the little farm; but she was educated; first, her own nature must have been a rare instrument; rare as, and not altogether unlike, that of the ancient shepherd lad, who left his sheep in the wilderness, and, at a bound, sprang forth upon the prostrate body of the giant invader—the deliverer of his country. The village was at once in a fertile country, abounding with pasturage and rivers, but it stood upon the woody marches of Lorraine. Among the deep forest trees, there were legendary spots, haunted by old tradition, well-fitted to act upon a subtle and sensitive nature. Men and women are not made by traditions; the tradition that France should be restored by a maid from the woods and marches of Lorraine, had been repeated age after age, even when it seemed to have no meaning, by all the crones and children along the country side; it was known to all the dwellers in Domremy; Jeanne knew it too. In the village they kept up the old-world superstitions; on the fringe of the forest stood a tree called "the Beautiful May," a spot of annual festivities, round which, it was said, Elf-Ladies danced in the old time; thither now the parish priest made an annual procession; there was a fountain which gushed beneath its branches; thither, annually, all the children of the village went, Jeanne with the rest; eating cakes, twining wreaths and crowns of flowers, drinking of the fountain, and dancing round the tree. Whether Jeanne could write, we do not know—she could read; and certainly she knew her Creed,

her Pater-Noster, her Ave-Maria; she had derived sufficient knowledge of the Gospel to lift her spirit into regions of high and sublime communion with the subjects of unseen thought. Warm, even ardent, accustomed to physical exertion, she seems to have matched her young play-fellows in all the sports and games of childhood; but, as time went on, and she matured into girlhood, she went more frequently and solitarily to the fountain and the tree. The miseries of her land were increasing; its divisions becoming more cruel and inexplicable; probably the tradition of the mysterious Maid of Lorraine was working. We do not know; there is no hint of this; the whole thing is mysterious, and must be accepted as unaccountable. One day, and when not alone, but running from her companions in the meadows, she had outstripped them fast and far, she heard them shouting after her, "Jeanne, Jeanne, thou art flying, thou art flying!" She stopped, listened an instant towards the village, then said suddenly, "I hear my mother call me home!" and rushed away down the fields. Arrived at home, her mother asked her why she had left her sheep "Did you not call me?" said Jeanne, "I heard a voice." "It was not mine, child; go back to the field." This was her first experience of that extraordinary calling and guiding, a faith in which no amount of unbelief or scepticism; no measure of hostility or indifference—on the other hand, no triumphant rapture of success which might assuredly have seduced an impostor to ascribe such merit to personal attributes; no neglect from those who had gained most from her leadership; no weight of chains, no long endurance in the imprisonment of the cold and cruel cell; no torturing questions of priests or lawyers; no martyrdom of fire,—could ever induce her to renounce or deny. No Christian, through the martyrdoms of the Amphitheatre, or the torments of the Inquisition, was ever more faithful than Jeanne to her voices; she never for a second denied them; for a brief moment her heart, hungering after the manners of her age, in harmony with the only religious usages, she knew, for the relief of the confessional and the service of the Mass, relinquished the adjurations of her voices. The wretched persecutors who had tempted her, did not satisfy her heart, even by granting the services they had promised. They only intended to mock her; she acknowledged her error, renounced it, and seems to have died, her voices murmuring round her as the death-car rumbled over the stones of Rouen; or floating over her head in music, as she prepared, in the presence of ten thousand English—"whose faces," Miss Parr wittily says, "she now, for the first time, had the opportunity of seeing,

often as she had before seen their backs"—to mount her chariot of fire. The character in history, of whom in this she most reminds us, is Socrates; attended through his long life, as he constantly averred, by his good spirit, who taught him how to act, and what to say, and do, of whom he constantly inquired; whose advice he invariably followed, hesitating before every word, and standing still before every action which did not seem to be warranted by the leading of the good spirit. Michelet divides, with considerable judiciousness, the drama of the Maid into five great acts: FIRST, THE FOREST; the revelation: SECOND, ORLEANS; the action: THIRD, RHEIMS; the honouring—we would rather say the fulfilling: FOURTH, PARIS; the tribulation and betraying: FIFTH, ROUEN; the passion. No human story with which we are acquainted, is more intensely dramatic than this; it almost fulfils the conditions of the ancient dramatic writers in its brevity and concentrativeness; so swiftly follows the action on the revelation, the fulfilment on the action, and the passion on the fulfilment. We have said we accept the mystery of the story; it is unaccountable. We have to transfer our imaginations to such an age in order even partially to understand how the men in steel could believe that she had a mission at all, or place any faith in her unsubstantial prophecies; perhaps it is only to be accounted for by the recollection that, with the exception of, possibly, a few casuistical prelates, monks, and churchmen, in a way, all people were religious; great sinners they might be, capable of immense vengeance, passion, cruelty, lust, craft; but the world of shades and souls had avenues through them and into them, with which we, who look at everything through scientific and philosophic media, have little acquaintance. Two immense passions pervaded all the nations of Europe, and France eminently—the monastic and warlike; and praying and fighting; the cowl and the helmet were the great admirations and ambitions of men's lives. The Bishop of Beauvais, who sat in judgment on Jeanne, we suppose to have been a mere mediæval Blowgram, a smooth, oleaginous hypocrite, a time-server, who was fishing for an archbishopric in the waves of English favour. But we do not suppose this was the character of the multitude of Jeanne's persecutors; on the contrary, we have no doubt that she was to them impersonated *diablerie*; if the French saw in her the white-bannered angel, wielding more than mortal powers, great in her gentleness, and by its majesty scattering the invaders of their country, the English beheld in her at best, but a real and beautiful witch, who had leagued herself with the powers of darkness for their confusion, and drank of the fatal vervain or mandragora, to charm her life; and truly the stu-

pendous fulfilments of her prophecies, and her own not less wonderful personal escapes, and overcomings of her wounds, until the time when she had also prophesied her failures would fall upon her, seemed to give a warrant for this to such an age, not that she at once commended herself to the belief of those to whom she declared her mission; even in a superstitious age this was scarcely to be expected. She seems to have been a bright, strong-willed, yet upon every account, a most gentle, handsome girl; the strength of her will is pretty especially shown in the resistance she made to an offer of marriage from an honest yeoman of her neighbourhood. Her parents pressed him hard upon her; some documents imply because she had already manifested dangerous spiritual inclinations, and a love for the doubtful companionship of the haunted trees. When the young man found his eloquence unavailing, he adopted a singular expedient; he pretended that she had promised him marriage, and he cited her before the officials of Toul, to perform her engagement. The Maid went to Toul and undertook her own defence, and having declared on oath that she had never made such a promise, the sentence was given in her favour. First public appearance, in so short a time to be followed by the heading of armies, capturing of cities, and alas! the appearance before another Court, and other officials with so different a result. But one likes to see the ideas of virtue which seem to bloom out from the lowly villages of those days; she soon began to give hints of her faith in the end for which she was born. "*Mes voix*," had assumed shapes to her eyes—visions had come to the excited imagination of the girl—brilliant lights, accompanied, however, at first by very simple charges, bidding "her be a good girl, and God would bless her;" then, majestic forces, and higher inspirations, until, when she talked of setting out on pilgrimage to impart the purposes within her to the Dauphin, honest Jacques, her father, fearing that she would only become the victim of some man-at-arms, whom she would follow to the wars, said to one of his sons, "Did I think such a thing would be, I would sooner that you drowned her; and if you did not, I would do it with my own hands." She was pertinacious in her own sense of what she had to accomplish, and when the enemy for a brief time took possession of Domremy, and she, with her parents had to fly to Neufchâteau, while she had the opportunity of learning more from a house of Franciscan monks, her "voices" became more unceasing; she testifies how she constantly heard them sounding like bells in the forest, saying, "Why dost thou not go? Why dost thou delay, Jeanne? God has great pity upon the people of France. The time has come, that thou must go

"forth to their deliverance." "What God bids thee, do without fear!" "Yes, dear voices, but how to do that to which I am called? When she presented herself before Robert de Baudricourt, the Governor of Vaucouleurs—he, a gruff soldier of the middle ages, and no mystic—to whom her uncle had obtained her an introduction, bade her uncle "box her ears, and send her back to her father." She was not discomfited; scarcely momentarily cast down; the *voices* only spoke to her more distinctly, and now, taking the shape of distinct direction, said "Go into France (by France was signified the country separated on the one hand, from Lorraine, and on the other, from Normandy) go to the Dauphin; deliver Orleans; crown the Dauphin." The wayfarers of cruel war halting in the village, and bringing stories from the siege of Orleans, kept those avenues of sympathy, through which her voices and her visions entered, constantly open; through fading autumn nights, and dark winter days, she heard, and she saw, "Go into France! Deliver Orleans! Crown the Dauphin!" In the light of what was done afterwards by the young visionary, there is something singularly penetrating in the gleam, to our modern eyes, of that cottage of Domremy; father and mother sitting the winter nights by the peat fire; sometimes casting anxious looks at each other, and then at the girl just in from her visit to the rimy trees of the wood, or from foddering her cattle, or sitting down to her distaff. We conceive her with the quiet of all great purposes and real genius, upon her face, and in her deportment, yet a juvenile Deborah, a maiden in her innocence, and yet like that "mother who arose in Israel when the inhabitants of the villages ceased," and the "great thoughts and great searchings of whose heart," called shrilly across the desolations of her country to those "abiding among the sheepfolds to hear the bleatings of the flocks," or sacrificing by the divisions of their tribes the safety and health of their kingdom. At last, the impulses of obedience to her higher inspiration led her from home; "I must go," said she, "if I travel on my knees. I must absolutely go to the Dauphin—my Lord wills it." Again she went to Vaucouleurs; now she began to give it out to her relatives and friends that she was sent of God to deliver her country. The rumour began to spread that the old tradition was being fulfilled. France had sunk so low that only a miracle could restore her; she was to be restored by a maid. The first who seemed to have placed faith in her was a knight of Metz, described as "a brave, honest gentleman of thirty years old," Jean de Novelonpont; he went to see her at the house of the respectable citizen, the

wheelwright, Henri Royer, with whose wife she was staying. He seems to have gone at first with no disposition faithward; he found the peasant-girl of Lorraine in her red petticoat, noble-looking, and grandly-built, as she had been described, spinning at her wheel; he said to her jocularly, "What are you doing here, *ma mie*? Will not our king be driven from his kingdom?" "Shall we not all have to become English?" He touched the spring of her sublime insanity at once; the calm spinner rose, "I have come into this royal city to require of Robert de Baudricourt that he will either take me or send me to the Dauphin, but he heeds neither me nor my words; but I must be with the Dauphin before Mid-Lent, though I wear my legs to the knees in going. None other in the world—no prince, no duke, no daughter of the King of Scots*—can recover the kingdom of France, nor succour it, unless by me; yet I would rather stay near my poor mother, but that is not my lot. I must do what my Lord wills that I shall do." "Who is your Lord?" said the knight. "My Lord is God," she said. Few words these seem, and the knight was a man of the world, and of steel, and knew armies; and the words read simply enough to us, nay, for that matter, insane enough. But there must have been some fiery majesty in her eye, some heroic capability in her presence, for he was convinced. "By my faith!" said he, giving her his hand, "under God's safeguard, I'll conduct you to the king myself. When will you set out?" "Better now than to-morrow, better to-morrow than later," was her prompt reply. One man convinces another man. Jean de Metz took captive the faith of Robert de Baudricourt, and Bertrand de Poulangy; still there were some doubts in the way, and the knights that evening accompanied the priest to Royer's house, so that he might subject her to exorcism in case those visions and voices had another than celestial origin; the priest adjured her, if she were an evil thing, to go away from them; if good, to approach. She treated this first service of exorcism, to which she was subjected, with more modesty than others to which she was subjected, later in her career, when after having sufficiently proved herself, the service only stirred her ridicule or her indignation. Having passed through the ordeal, the knights felt that they might with more safety become sponsors for her purity, while still probably regarding with contempt her pretensions to power; the next question was, how should she travel through a hundred and fifty leagues of a disturbed country, and in the company, too, of men and soldiers? She, at once took that deter-

* A treaty of contract of marriage was just then forming between the infant son of Charles VII. and a Scottish princess.

mination, which has always seemed to us a proof at once of her purity and good sense ; although, in fine, and substantially, it formed the pretext on which she was burned. She assumed male attire ; henceforth she never renounced it, or but for a day, and if there be any truth in her testimony upon her last appearance, in the brief renunciation, she subjected herself then to an indignity which makes our blood boil, even more than the exasperating cruelties of her long imprisonment, or her shameful death. But now thus determined, her name began to fill Vaucouleurs, and the inhabitants presented her with a horse and the equipment of a young man-at-arms. Singular journey ; even on its route, not without significant results of blessing. Jean de Metz did really conduct her to the presence of the king with her uncle, Durant Laxart, and the knightly messenger of Baudricourt. They arrived as far as Nancy ; there the Duke of Lorraine was lying ill ; he sent out an escort to bring her to him tidings about her had preceded her ; indeed we may be sure that now the news of the "inspired Maid" would ride fast and far. The Duke was in extremity, his country was troubled, his physicians failed to heal him ; if Jeanne were a seer, she might be able to give him help ; at any rate, he inquired of her whether he should be healed of his sickness. Jeanne frankly replied to him, she could not tell, but she boldly counselled him to do one thing. He had immured his good wife, Margaret of Bavaria, in a convent, and was living at Nancy with a young mistress, Alizon Dumay. Jeanne charged him to send away his mistress, and call home his good wife ; and so far from being affronted with her, he gave her a present of money to help her on her journey, and shortly afterwards he did what she charged him to do. Her escort consisted of six persons ; fording large rivers, cunningly avoiding straggling bands of soldiers, threading their way through tracts of forest and deserted villages, over which had passed the smoke and fire of war, these uncongenial companions passed on their way ; some of them, at any rate, had not yet learned to place much faith in their protégée, strange misgivings possessed them. "She must be at the best a mad woman, perhaps a sorceress ;" repeatedly they thought of hurling her from a cliff, or down a stone quarry, or leaving her alone on the road, and so bringing to end what they more than half thought a disgraceful enterprise ; she, we gather, kept very little of their company ; her countenance wore the repose of child-like simplicity ; her *voices* sung in her soul and in the air : "Go on, go on ; go into France ; deliver Orleans ; crown the Dauphin." She was equal to the toils of a hard journey,

travelling frequently by night to evade observation; lying down in the open air, her warm woollen coverlet wrapped round her, the knight and his esquire resting on either side. Each evening, if possible, she turned aside to some village church for prayer; and coming to Auxerre, she and her knight went to the Cathedral together, to hear Mass. Southey's poem written at a period of his life when his mind unquestionably inclined to favour Deistic sentiments, does infinite injustice to Jeanne in attempting to make her declare that she had never attended Mass nor the Sacramental-table, nor Confession; the whole story of her young life is an entire contradiction to all this; she constantly sought, from a very early period, the aid of those religious services which were then in harmony with the only religious life known in Christendom; by some, in her own day, she was taxed with attending the rites of her church too often. De Quincey expresses the truth when he says, "Jeanne was a girl of natural piety that saw God in forests, and hills, and fountains, but did not the less seek Him in chapels and consecrated oratories."

Chinon gives little hint to-day, in the utter ruins of its vast castle, crowning the platform of rock at a height of three hundred feet—gives little intelligence of the grand, old feudal palace—of all the grim or jocund life associated with the French and English kings of the middle ages; near to Dijon, it may give some idea how entire the conquest of France by England was, to know that this was not only now on the very borders of present English possessions, but that it had been the natural home of English princes. Henry II. conquered it, surrounded it with massive fortifications, made it his favourite home, and died within its walls; here also died, ten years after, his mighty son, Cœur de Léon, and the bones of father and son lie buried in the not distant, the almost visible Church or Abbey of Fontevrault. The banners of John waved over this castle, and romance has often described, in her rich colours, how Philip Augustus wrung it from his possession, and how it opened its gates again to the French. To this spot, which has been called the Windsor of the Plantagenets, thronged by so many royal associations, and painful memories too, memories and associations which were also to stream on for many generations after him, Charles VII. retired, to hold his—one should call it *panic-stricken*, only that it seems so merry—Court; a man far weaker and less respectable even than our Charles II.; Charles VII. resembles him in this, the indifference with which he saw the truncheon of sovereignty falling from his grasp, the readiness with which he permitted himself to be the victim of designing statesmen—if that term

may be applied to such mere palace tricksters as Georges de la Trémouille, and the fervour with which he was served by noble creatures who would have saved him, even to the end, had he possessed the eye able to recognise their majesty, and the ability to use them. Hoping to be able to hold this strong palace in peaceful possession, he was here, on the sparkling waters of the rushing Vienne, bounding on, still alone unchanged of all that scenery of groves, and vineyards, and fertile valleys, through which the river rushes to join the Loire. Hither, at last, after her painful, much-enduring journey, Jeanne arrived, to seek out, and to inspire with courage and effort, and the promise of success, the king. For two days she was kept waiting in the town of Chinon, before the king and his counsel determined that it would be proper to receive her. La Trémouille, jealous of whatever threatened to come between him and the king, raised his voice against her at once; had it been in his power, he would have hindered her from coming to Chinon, and the Archbishop of Rheims was loud in crying her down. The memories of her, in the town, have all gone;—the house in which she lodged for two days before she was received, and also the church, before whose altar she spent the greater part of those days and their nights, while they were talking of her, and wondering what should be done with her, in the castle. Her reception in the full Court has become one of the marvellous circumstances, prefacing her acknowledgment by the king. It was night; she was received amidst a blaze of fifty flambeaux; the king, it would seem, had partly concealed and partly disguised himself, retiring backward into obscurity amongst his courtiers, but perfectly undaunted by a presence, which was so unusual to her; the girl who had just left her rakes and milking-pails, stepped boldly up to him, through all the pomp and dazzling cloudland around her, and did homage to him; he attempted to deceive her, pointing to a much more magnificently-dressed person, but she was not to be deceived; she knelt, and replied, "You are the king, and none other—God give you good life, gentle lord!" Perhaps she had made herself acquainted with his face and features; something must be allowed to that clear, instinctive perception, and that marvellous self-command which never deserted her, and which she especially possessed in moments of emergency; but from whatever cause her first interview with the king has ever been regarded as a marvellous attestation; of course it was felt so at the time. Charles asked her name. "Jeanne, the Maid," she replied. He asked her further what she wanted of him: "The King of Heaven sends me to succour you and your kingdom, and to conduct you to Rheims for your

"coronation." We may conceive the contempt of those lords in steel, those subtle churchmen, and silken time-servers at such an announcement. The road to Rheims, bristled with armies—through the very centre of the power of England and Burgundy, with their fortified cities. At this moment, the king was probably better than his advisers; he neither laughed at her, nor rejected her, but took her on one side, to converse with her, asking her questions of her inspiration, and her intentions; and then it was that she whispered to him that secret, which must, in fact, have been whispered; it was alleged by the king as the motive which, on his part, cast hesitation away; throughout the long and painful examinations on her trial, incessant attempts were made to revert to it, and to wring it from her, but without success; it may be that there was much less in it than seems; it is understood that it referred to the king's own private scruples and private prayer. It is said, she informed him of a visit he paid to a church, and of the three things for which he prayed then; one of those referred to the fears he entertained of his own legitimacy; she told him how she was sent of God to reply to that prayer, and assure him that he was the true heir of France, and the king's true son. There is little evidence for this, the only thing certain is that some secret words were said which decided the king; he announced that he was satisfied with her; had perfect confidence; and for the evening she was dismissed. Miss Parr says:—

It was widely whispered afterwards that there was a great *secret* between Charles and the Maid; and so many indiscreet and inquisitive persons pressed Jeanne to reveal it, that she made a vow of perpetual silence. It was not until long after both she and the king were dead, when the English had lost all in France but their old conquest of Calais, that a version of this *secret* became known through an aged knight, the Chevalier de Boissy, who, in his youth, had been the only gentleman Charles would admit into the privacy of his bed-chamber. He professed to have had it from the king's own lips, and as he told it, Jeanne had revealed to Charles the words and manner of his unspoken prayer. Without intruding into the region of pure miracle, there was enough done to give him interest and confidence in her when he heard a direct answer to it from her mouth, whatever question or suggestion of his had drawn it forth.

What should be done next? A number of the chief churchmen of the age were appointed to examine her in theology, and put her through her catechism, to see that there was no evil creed in her. She was royally lodged now in the castle; but before her lodging, morning after morning, came archbishops, inquisitors; abbots; professors of theology; yet, prejudiced as they were, her beautiful, natural eloquence, overcame them,

till, at last, she got wearied, and when a sour Carmelite said, "it was forbidden them to put faith in such assertions as she made, without a sign," she said, "I am not come here to show signs. Send me to Orleans, and I'll show you a sign. Place me at the head of soldiers, many or few, and I'll raise the siege." Sometimes she became very curt with her questioners. A Brother, with a very bad provincial accent of Limousin, asked her "how her voices spoke—in what idiom?" "Better, and in a better idiom than you." A Dominican said to her, that "if God would deliver France, He would do it without men-at-arms," but she replied, "that was God's way; the men-at-arms must fight, and God would give the victory," and the Dominican said he was satisfied. One of the great doctors brought forth quotations from innumerable ancient books to show that no one ought to believe in her; she heard him very quietly to the close, and then said, "Ah, there is more in my Lord's books than in all yours!" The assembly of divines being unable to make out any case against her, she was next handed over to what we might suppose to be a more formidable process still—a jury of women appointed to try her purity. The ladies were royal, or noble; Jeanne was indignant, but she submitted. The news also, of her beautiful purity of demeanour came up also from her own village, in which searching inquiry had been made into the purity of her life; all tests were successful, but when the theological questioners came to her again one morning, with impatient vivacity, she said, "I see you are come to question me again. Listen! I know neither A nor B, but only that I am sent on the part of the King of Heaven, to raise the siege of Orleans, and to crown the King of France." During all this time, all her words were taken down, she was incessantly watched, and all her slightest actions remarked upon; at last, the equipment began; equipment especially of sword and banner; her sword she directed to be dug up from a tomb in the Church of St. Katherine de Fierbois; how she came to know that the sword was buried behind the altar, no one has ever been able to discover; it does not seem that the canons of the church knew of its existence themselves; they directed the search for such a sword, and it was found covered with rust; we can give no solution, we are writing of a person absolutely unaccountable; it is said that in some way she must have known of the existence of this sword before she sent to seek for it; to believe this would not be consistent with her open and devout character; we can believe nothing that charges her with simulation; more important to her than her sword was her banner, picturing the Saviour; it

was upon a field of white silk, powdered over with the lilies of France; she was invested in a suit of beautiful armour; and the duke of Alençon, with whom and his wife and mother she stayed for some days, gave her the most beautiful of horses. Now she began to inspire old soldiers, her armies were gathering, but like Cromwell in a later period, she insisted on piety among her soldiers. Every soldier must confess and hear mass; she would have every soldier go forth with a clear conscience; so she went on to Blois. Before Orleans, the English, however, were merry in their strength; a peasant-girl, a witch, and sorceress of Lorraine would soon be torn to pieces, tossed to the dogs of war; her mad armies scattered, when she came face to face with the Talbots, Falstaffs, and other great captains who had possession of the land. Jeanne continued strong in her visionary faith; she set forth to throw succour and provision into Orleans; by her command no loose women were allowed to follow the camp; she set forth, the priests chanting *Veni Creator Spiritus*. There was little disposition to trust her among the captains of the army; nothing is more remarkable throughout her career than the practical wisdom of her advice, and the disasters which usually followed the neglect of it; thus, on this, her first march, she had counselled the marching through the midst of the English camp, in the Beauce, as less hazardous, and more convenient for the cattle, than the route by the Solonge; she was in a measure deceived, and although the daring feat was successful, it was a cause of regret that her advice had not been followed; a much more toilsome course they had taken,—too late, they, found it attended with much more risk and hazard; she, however, arrived safely in Orleans; at eight o'clock in the evening, she, entered with a splendid calvalcade of knights and soldiers; the garrison coming out with a blaze of torches, to welcome her; they must have thought beneath that pure white standard, as she rode along the brave Dunois by her side, they beheld a very angel of deliverance; she looked round on the wasted faces of men, women and children pinched by starvation, and for whom there seemed in the future only the cruel havoc of the successful besiegers; she had brought them provisions; they thronged by multitudes round her to touch her horse, her armour, her banner; hoarse, harsh voices did their best in peals of cheers, only broken by or keeping time to the storm of bells. "Have all a good hope in God!" she said, while, with her banner, she went clearing her way through the crowd, traversing the length of the city. "Have good hope and confidence in God! You shall be freed from your adversaries; He has

"sent me to deliver you!" Before the Cathedral she reined her horse, to give thanks to God that He had given her success in her first effort; then Dunois, and the Marshal de Boussac, who refused to leave her till they saw her safely lodged, conducted her to the mansion of Jacques Boucher, the chancellor and treasurer of the city; she had desired to stay with him, because he had an estimable wife. After her supper of toasted bread and wine-and-water, she asked that she might have the treasurer's little daughter, Karlotte, a child of nine or ten years of age, to sleep with her, and the wondering little maid was her bedfellow each night she slept in Orleans. Thus ended her first great proclamation of her mission.

We suppose that to some of our readers our story will seem too much a mere rhapsody of eulogy; yet we seem ourselves to have looked at the estimates formed of the achievements of the Maid on every side; for instance, we take the liberty to dissent from Lord Mahon's verdict, when he says "In affairs of State Joan's voice was never heard; in affairs of War, all her proposals will be found to resolve themselves into two—either to rush headlong upon the enemy, often in the very point where he was strongest, or to offer frequent and public prayers to the Almighty." The impression conveyed by this verdict does not seem to be sustained by contemporary documents. It is true the policy of timidity, embarrassment, and amazement attempted to shut out Jeanne from the consultations of her chiefs and commanders; but we shall see that they learned to know, not only that it had been better to have called her to their councils, but to have followed, as they were compelled to do, her advice. It is surely not too much, in the light of all the circumstances, to say that Jeanne followed voices and visions quite inapprehensible by those around her, yet clear and unerring guides. Thus, what could be wiser, considering the state of France—what could any William of Nassau, Gustavus Adolphus, Cromwell, Napoleon, or Wellington, have seen to be more wise, if only possible—than first the scattering of the chief camp of the English, the unfixing them from their centre and chief seat of strength in the heart of their conquered territory in Orleans? This, first of all, and then next, the really conferring upon the nation a king, and not merely crowning him in exile, but with every ancient and popular *prestige* in the old coronation fane of Rheims. In those days, especially, coronation made the king, even as baptism made the Christian. Excepting to his little Court at Chinon, and his few scattered adherents, when Jeanne arose to right his cause, Charles was no king; he was the Dauphin. Even now, inaugurations and

ceremonies surround title with right ; in those times it was still more so. The peasant-girl saw at once that she might win any number of battles, but, unless she put the crown on the head of the King, his cause would be unanointed, and his people still scattered as sheep having no shepherd. A poor shepherd, Charles VII., at the best ; still, by the right of ages and of the nation, he was there to be crowned, and she knew that act would gradually gather round him the leaders and peoples of his nation ; the event showed how eminently right she was. Miss Parr's testimonies run also immediately opposite to the verdict of Lord Mahon. The whole policy of Jeanne was one—it was healing ; the policy of a crafty self-seeker, like Trémouille, was to keep all the great men separate from each other ; to widen their misunderstandings with the king, and so to profit by the estrangement ; the policy of Jeanne was to bring them together ; smooth their differences ; make them shake hands, and so strengthen the royal cause. We do not mean to imply anything so ignorant as that she had anything like a policy in the ordinary statesman use of the word ; but that she was moved by unerring instincts, which were to her visions and guarantees of success. As to her rashness, it, too, seems to have been wise ; it was, in fact, that military principle upon which so many great commanders have acted ; having once begun give the enemy no rest ; allow them no time to recruit themselves ; follow up the first success by surprise upon surprise ; hence, when she rose the morning following her first triumphal entry into Orleans, with all the natural sanguineness of her character, as soon as she had breakfasted, she went, accompanied by her page, to the lodgings of Dunois to confer with him on what could be done that day, but she found her enthusiasm met by the cold policy of prudence ; and we may remember on behalf of the mistrustful ones who hung their doubts perpetually on the heroine's soaring thoughts, that they had not her voices to assure them, her visions to command them ; they saw only an ignorant young peasant-girl, who, within three months, had exchanged her rake for a sword, her shepherd's crook for a banner, her harvest-fields for fields of war, and the cottage of her father for the Court of a prince, and the camp of men-at-arms. It is not wonderful that they mistrusted ! But they were jealous as well, and they sought to deceive her ; first, they would not make an attack upon the English until the city could be still further reinforced from Blois ; she was compelled to abide their decision ; she sent, however, and very ludicrous it must have seemed, a summons to Sir William Glasdale, one of the heads of the English army, commanding him with all his English

to be gone; the summons, of course, was treated with very natural contempt. Amidst the magic of her name, and the wondering enthusiasm her presence created in Orleans, cold glances were turned upon her, and worth, respectability and piety could scarcely believe that this way deliverance was to come. She heard the opprobrious epithets hurled upon her name from the English camp, and the young girl shed bitter, burning tears. She never overcame that heraldry of the weakness of her sex; but in such times she went into the church of Belle-Croix to seek for comfort. Once a very learned doctor of the town, Jean de Mascon, met her there, quietly and sneeringly said, "My daughter, is it you who are come to raise the seige?" "By my banner, yes." "The English are very strong and well fortified; it will be a hard thing to drive them out." "Nothing is impossible to the power of God," she said, and the doctor admitted that he was answered. Then they desired to show that they could do without her; they had held their council without her knowledge; they planned an attack upon the Bastile of Saint-Loup without her knowledge. She had gone to rest; suddenly she sprung up, the little Karlotte was by her side, "My counsel tells me to rise," said she, "and go out among the English; the blood of our people is running on the ground; where are they who should arm me?" She darted forth, waved her banner, and gathered her party round her. It was a fierce conflict for three hours; then Talbot and the English fled; one tower was taken, it was the beginning of victories. Miss Parr quotes the saying of Dunois on this occasion: "Before Jeanne's coming two hundred English could beat a thousand French; but afterwards four or five hundred French could defy the whole English power." Very good, but they were still for taking it leisurely; it seemed to them sheer madness to dream of another attack upon the tower of the Tournelles to-morrow; so again they counselled and decided for rest, holding that they had better be content for the present. They forwarded to her their decision, she replied, "You have been in your council and I have been in mine; my counsel will hold and prevail, yours will come to nought." Then she turned to her chaplain, and said, "We must up in the morning before sunrise for prayers, for we shall have more to do to-morrow than to-day." But she did not sleep much that night, and who were to go forth with her? Her lords and captains fell from her, so the citizens and the soldiers came to her and told her they grieved to see her unsupported, telling her they believed she had been raised up by God. She said, "Who loves

"me will follow me!" Carrying her banner, a gruff man-at-arms sought to prevent her exit from the gate. "You are not a true man to the King," she said, "but with your will or without your will, forth we go to the fight." The sun was rising over the Loire, as unfurling her banner she set forth, from the old Burgundy gate, with her enthusiastic army, to cross the bridge and attack the Tournelles; as to the council, a pretty fever we may suppose them in when they found the girl had taken her own course, and left them with the women and the children in the city. Defeat, of course, they felt was inevitable, still, for very shame, they gathered themselves together, and so rode forth after the white banner. That, perhaps, was the decisive day—with cannon and with culverin wrought the soldiers; the citizens who could not fight came on, helping with food and drink, bringing out arrows and ammunition, or aiding in the construction of a flying bridge; in every way helping the grand attack; and all the traditions say how wonderful the Maid was that day—flying on her charger in every part where the fight was thickest; her voice sounding like a clarion; the tower, she assured them, would soon be theirs; and Miss Parr gives her the honour, we believe, unquestioned, of setting the first successful ladder against the tower, and setting the first foot upon the rampart; her voice was raised to cheer her followers on, when, true to the prophecy she uttered in the morning before she left Orleans, that she should shed her blood that day, an arrow came hissing through the air and pierced her above the breast. She fell from the tower among her panic-stricken followers; the pain, too, was intense and sharp, and again we have the record of the weakness of tears; impatiently her followers asked her if she should die of the wound? "I know I shall die one day," said she, "but I neither know where, nor when, nor how; I would fain have a sinless remedy for my hurt." With cotton and olive oil they stanching the blood; she spent some moments with her chaplain, resumed her cuirasse, and before the panic of her fall had been able to work more than a brief joy within the walls of the tower, or consternation had spread far among her own people, she appeared to reanimate her men; almost had the leaders given up all for lost. She entreated them to persevere, "Return to the assault once more," said she. "Go in amongst them boldly." "In children!" she exclaimed, "In children, in God's name!" It was a tremendous struggle; old men-at-arms declared it was the finest feat they had ever seen. It ought to be no gratification to us to write how the English were swept out of their tower; how their bodies went floating down the beautiful river. A panic smote

them all; they believed they were fighting against wizardry or witchcraft—before sunset her steed was turned back again to the city. “Glory to God, and to the Maid!” rung round her on every side. The English now were really overcome—unprecedented and wonderful within the memory of any of that generation—the clangour and the storm of bells all night throughout the city proclaimed it. She was weak, wearied and wounded, when she retired to her own pillow. Upon her trial she said that “the bells of churches spoke to her like the mystic ‘bells she had heard in the forest.’” Surely, one thinks, they wafted down to her pillow that night a brief consolation, and that she heard her own voices in them, saying, as they so often said, “Go on, daughter of God, go on; I will be with thee, to ‘help thee; go on, go on!’” There was a change in her advisers in the morning, the stir in the English camp continued, the English were marching away, and now, the brave men who yesterday morning were so lazy, were for going forth to fight them. There was a talk, too, that Suffolk or Talbot would come to challenge the Maid to single combat; her leaders were very eager to go forth to attack the enemy. She restrained them now, “Are they,” said she, “marching towards Orleans, or ‘away from it?’” They were marching away from Orleans. “Then, in God’s name, let them go,” said she, “and let us give ‘thanks to the Lord: it is enough, let them go; it is Sunday, ‘we will not pursue them, nor kill them, it is enough that they ‘go!’” What a festival there was in Orleans that day! No mock processions, or mimic thanks, and although four centuries have gone by, Orleans still keeps its annual festival in memory of that day, and gives thanks to God for the deliverance wrought by the Maid. Yes, she had said, “I did not come here ‘to work signs, give me few or many men-at-arms, and in ‘Orleans I will show you a sign.’” It seems there was less doubt about her now in the minds of men. The King left Chinon and came to Tours to meet her; and very deep, as far as he could feel them, seems to have been the thanks he expressed to her; also good churchmen began to preach about her, and show it was possible she might be a Christian after all. The famous divine—“Most Christian Doctor,” as he was called—Jean de Gerson, to whom many have attributed, in the general myth upon the matter, Thomas à Kempis’s *Imitation of Christ*, wrote in defence of her and her mission.

The famous divine writes to this effect:—

“One may piously and wisely maintain the vocation of the Maid Jeanne, having regard to the circumstances, to the effect that results from them, and, above all, to the justice of the cause she defends—

which is to restore a kingdom to its rightful king, and to expel his enemies." He then calls to witness the piety and prudence of her behaviour from her tenderest childhood, of which the king had received ample proof. "She seeks neither worldly honours nor worldly men; she abhors hatreds, seditions, revenges, and vanities; she lives in the spirit of prayer, in works of grace, in holiness and justice. She employs none of the means forbidden by the Church; no surprises, no deceits, and she has in view no hope of gain. She is seen to be very firm in her faith; for she exposes her body to wounds without taking any extraordinary precautions to save herself. Warriors obey her willingly, and risk the dangers of war without fearing the disgrace which would fall on them were they beaten, having a woman to lead them. The enemy, on the contrary, fly at her approach, and terror comes upon them, and crying as on a woman in travail. No legitimate reproach can be made her for the male habit she wears. She clothes herself as a warrior to fight the foes of justice, to defend the French, to prove that God can, when He will, confound the mightiest by the hand of a woman."

She rested some time with the King in the castle of Loches; she became almost an object of worship, simple people knelt as she passed and sought to touch her clothes, seized her hands to kiss them, or her feet. She was very grieved at all this. The Abbot of Talmont, who was with her on one such occasion, was very angry. "In truth," she said, "I know not how to keep "me, unless God will keep me!" and in her days of adversity the abbot often quoted her simple saying, and it seems to have made a friend of a foe. But never had any one such a task as she to strike courage into the people around her. Again, they settled into timid fear or indifference; again, and again she reminded them that she had but twelve months in which to perform her work. She was long in persuading the king that he should attempt to reach Rheims, she swept, however, the whole country of the Orleanais; she took the fortress of Jargeau; and then followed the great battle of Patay. Miss Parr says,—

The battle of Patay, which consummated the destruction of the splendid army the Earl of Salisbury had brought over to complete the conquest of France, was not so much a battle as a rout, a desperate flight—or rather a rush for flight, which La Hire and the skirmishers circumvented: sweeping round and round the fugitives, checking, turning, and driving them, and keeping the great conflict always within reach of the Maid. They were about seven thousand, English and false French together, and when their dead were numbered by the heralds, they were two thousand five hundred and over. A few—that famous hero and knight of the garter, Sir John Falstaff, leading them—broke through, and rode a mad race to get into Yenville. But the people of Yenville shut their gates in their faces, and they fled on and on as if the devil were behind them, and out of sight, and were never caught:

Falstaff spurring until he was safe within the walls of Corbeil. He forfeited his order of the garter for his cowardice; but there were hundreds of Englishmen as good as he, who would not and could not face the marvellous Witch-Maid, though they might have given account of many a glorious victory won over enemies of common flesh and blood, out-numbering them by thousands.

The French army encamped that night in the neighbourhood of Patay, and the Maid, Alençon, and Richemont were lodged in the village. They were together when Sir John Talbot, the prisoner of Saintrilles, was brought into Alençon's presence. The duke said to him, "Well, Sir John Talbot, you did not expect this morning that it would befall you thus?"

"It is the fortune of war," replied Talbot. He shared it with Lord Seales, Lord Hungerford, Earl Warwick's son, Sir Thomas Ramsden, and a crowd of knights and gentlemen, besides nearly a thousand of his soldiers.

The tenderness which fell upon her instantly upon the close of battle was well illustrated here. On the field there must have been a furious inflexibility, a blaze of mystical ecstasy and passion animating her whole frame, but all the woman soon came back, when the fury of the war was passed, after this battle, she saw a wounded prisoner, he enlisted her tenderness, although an Englishman; she dismounted, held his head, kneeling while he confessed to a priest, wept with him, comforting him; he died in her arms, and she always had tears and grief for those who were her yet country's foes, and must be overcome. After the great battle of Patay, she determined that the king should loiter no longer, he should go to Rheims. Reading the story of the times, it seems annoying that hearts so cold could have been spectators of such wonders as she wrought; at last, however, they set forth to Gien, to Auxerre, at last to Troyes; but here came the tug of difficulty. The city was held by Burgundian soldiers, and refused all terms of treaty. A council was called, and it was determined the King should be advised to retreat, the enterprise of Rheims must be abandoned. She was sent for to the council, and the Archbishop of Rheims communicated to her their determination. Other accounts say she herself broke unexpectedly into the council; in any case she said to them, "Stay two days, and the city shall be yours." "We would stay six, Jeanne," said the Archbishop, "if we were sure of having it then." "You shall have it to-morrow," said she. She prepared the soldiers in earnest for the siege, so earnestly, that the citizens of Troyes, remembering Patay, and Jargeau, and Orleans, thought better of it. First, they sent a celebrated preacher, one Brother Richard, to see the Maid and

sprinkle her with holy water, and report thereon. The report was satisfactory ; she stood the shower, and did not change her shape. She brought about the surrender of the city, and Charles rode into it with the Maid and all the great officers ; henceforth the way to Rheims was easy, towns and fortresses yielded as they went along, and now Jeanne had love, honour, praise, and renown ! The people as they passed along returned to their loyalty. At length Rheims was reached, and the day after the arrival of the king he was crowned in the stately cathedral there, amidst the sounds of trumpets, he was anointed by the Bishop with the oil, in the service, which makes the person of the sovereign sacred and inviolable. It was amazing ; the frantic vision was realized—it came to pass. During the whole coronation service she stood by the side of the throne, bearing her renowned white banner, but when it was ended she descended, and knelt at the King's feet, and bursting into a vehement passion of tears, said, " Gentle King, now is done the good pleasure of God, whose will it was that I should conduct you in to this city of Rheims to receive your sacred coronation, and show that you are the true king to whom the kingdom really belongs." She regarded her mission as accomplished ; wonderful mission ! In the space of about three months all this had been achieved ! Is it too much to wonder if the world has such another story ? She desired now to go home ; she besought the King to dismiss her that she " might return to her father and mother, flocks and herds, and do all things as she was wont to do." But this could not be permitted ; the once despised girl seemed now like the very ægis and shield over the royal cause. The wonder with which she had been regarded became more than wonder, she inspired a sense of supernatural awe. It was at this point the King desired to confer some honour upon her or her family. She refused all favours for both, but asked that her " village might hereafter be free from any kind of impost or tax." The privilege was given, and subsequently confirmed ; the exemption held good until the time of the Revolution. the village being described in the tax-papers as " DOMREMY NEANT, A CAUSE DE LA PUCELLE.

We must not follow the career of the Maid through her period of reverse and misfortune with the same distinctness with which we have followed her fulfilment of her mission, for this we must refer to the pages of Miss Parr. Reverses came—the King sighed for the peaceful shades of Chinon, and, upon the occasion of the check before Paris, when the Maid attempted to retire from the wars, he retreated beyond the Loire. She was compelled to submit herself to the

quiet of the Court during the winter; she did, however, distinguish herself in assaults upon citadels of St. Pierre, La Moutier; a brilliant flash of success after her repulse before Paris. Meantime, treatises were written at home and abroad to show that she was a prophetess raised up by the Holy Spirit—a sibyl more venerable than the sibyls of antiquity; masses and prayers were said for her in all the churches; images of her were multiplied; a medal was struck in her honour bearing the inscription, "*Sustained by the counsels of God*;" foreign princes sent embassies to inquire after her; the Duke of Milan sought her help to recover some lost territory, addressing her as "The very honourable and devout Maid, sent by the King of Heaven for the extirpation of the English tyranny in France." In the midst of all this, there is no proof that she ever lost her own good sense; nay, all these things vexed and wearied her; her piety shines conspicuously; her chaplain had orders from her to give her the opportunity of always attending the Communion, and especially the Communion of the children of the poor; she described it as the intention of her mission to succour the poor, by their deliverance from the cruelties of war and oppression. The poor, indeed, often came to her, bringing crosses and roses for her to touch, thinking she would impart some charm, but she always laughed at such fancies, and would say to Dame Margaret, one of the ladies of the Queen, who also attended upon her, "you touch them, your touch is as good as mine." For the first weeks, or the first two or three months after she had yielded to the King at Rheims, still to continue with him, her voices became more confused, infrequent, and indistinct; her course was not clear to her; indeed, no doubt, her work was done; but after this they came back with their old distinctness and power. She did not like to be much questioned about them, but to her close attendant, Jean D'Aulon, she said, "My counsel is three, one voice stays with me always; another goes and comes, and is with me often; and with the third, both deliberate." Who can say what she means? but who does not believe her? What is that swift witnessing power we call conscience? Wherein does conscience differ from prayer as a personal witness? How is it that in times of mental tempest, conscience and prayer unite, and bring ministration? Is it doubted? Yet, the iron rod is held up by the side of the tower, and when the heavens are clear and sunny, it is but a bit of iron, but when the welkin is alive with lightning and with thunder, it extracts the fire from the cloud, and by doing so, preserves the tower in peace. Is there some such power—is there *not* such a power in the soul of man? The noblest spirits

most nobly prove it. Singular comparison; the great warrior, of whom the simple girl most reminds us, is Cromwell; those passages in which, after his elevation to power, he sighed for the fields, and hedges, and sheepwalks of Huntingdon, are very like the imploring yearnings of the Maid to be back in her own village. That could not be, could not anyhow be; even had she gone back, the doom of greatness was upon her; the curse which always must attend such a one as she was when lifted and set apart to such eminence. Whenever did it happen that a great deliverer was not also an expiation and a sacrifice? So runs the law; the greater the deliverer, the greater the expiation; in William of Nassau, in Gustavus Adolphus; in a lower sense, in Henri IV.; in Cromwell; in Napoleon; sublimely above all these instances, in the unconscious innocence, the unstatesmanlike sagacity of the Maid. The heroic is always supernatural; no man ever could believe in *heroes* who does not believe in *it*; so, in the last period of her career, her consolations, her voices, came to her as distinct as ever; they did not deceive her; she knew there was a period beyond which was no light for her; in the splendours of her triumph, while organs were thundering *Te Deums* for her, and trumpets blaring out their shrill clarions of martial music round her; her heart must have ached beneath the corselet, and the woman's eye known that beautiful dimness which might have been unpardonable in a man, more glorious in her; then her voices came and ministered to her; she heard them in wind murmurings; in the responses and thrillings of bells; she felt them in ecstatic moods; in high upliftings; they came to her in mystical words: "Go on, go on, daughter of God, go on; God will help thee, go on." Poor girl! our reverence for her is compelled to pity. The King was a veritable coward, and knew the face of a harlot better than the heart of a heroine; one of those silken, dangling popinjays which have made kings contemptible through all ages; and Trémouille was a traitor, who did not want to be too successful; he, indeed, it was who, by his advice, arrested the progress of the Maid. To be sure, the King insisted on ennobling her and all her family for ever; the family name was changed from *d'Arc* to *Des Lys*, and armorial bearings were given to them of the lilies of France, and a sword rising from the midst, bearing a crown. Jeanne took rank as a count, and Charles himself invested her with a robe of cloth of gold like that worn by the princesses; she wore it over her armour. Truly, says Miss Parr, "She had a much lighter heart under the jerkin of leathern thongs that she travelled in from Dom-remy." Her women afterwards bore testimony how she kept

long cruel vigils ; how they heard her during the whole night, weeping and praying for the King and the people ; and she was surrounded by treachery, and when she left the Loire behind her with King and Court, there was not one solitary friend to offer a ransom, or try a rescue for her. She knew by the infallible voices that her hour drew nigh, that she would be captured before the feast of St. John. This did not intimidate her ; on the contrary, she seemed to become more daring ; she went from Crépy to relieve Compiègne, a newly-acquired fortress, placed in the hands of Guillaume Flavy. The story need not particularly be recited ; how she pressed on too hotly in the pursuit of the foes, how, returning to the fortress, she found the gate closed on *her*. There seems reason to suspect Flavy of treachery ; he was distinctly enough charged with exposing her from jealousy to her infinitely superior renown ; there was no positive proof against him, but Lord Mahon mentions the singular circumstance, that when, not long afterwards, he was murdered by his wife, and she was put upon her trial, she pleaded and proved that he had resolved to betray Joan of Arc to the enemy. This, we suppose, was pleaded as the motive of her vengeance, and, most remarkable, the plea was admitted by the judges in that barbarous age. Alas ! however it may have happened, the Maid was now in the hands of the English ; there was mourning no doubt for her in many true hearts ; the English celebrated her capture by *Te Deums*. At Tours there was public mourning ; the clergy and all the people made a barefooted procession throughout the town, supplicating God for her deliverance ; the King and his Court took not the slightest notice of the circumstance, neither then nor at any moment, until years after her death. The Archbishop of Rheims, who had always opposed her—her first entrance to the King, her expeditions to Orleans, especially her march to Rheims, his own cathedral city which she enabled him to see—wrote to his troubled flock “to lighten their sense of the calamity which had befallen their beloved Maid.” He convinced them that their loss was not so great as it might appear, she had refused to hear counsel ; moreover, God had raised up a shepherd-boy, he said, who had shown the cause of her fall in that she had worn rich clothing, &c., &c. It is an atrocious letter. If amidst all this the voices of Jeanne spoke to her still, and speak they did, they told her that she had no longer to go on, but to be still, enduring, and suffering. In prison, and through the agony of her long trials and examinations, she looks to us no whit less sublime, than when she rode along in the full assurance of success through Orleans, or Patay, or

Rheims ; at first she was treated with more kindness, but malice, hatred, and revenge, were round her ; the Duchess of Bedford laid a charge upon her guards that she should be treated with respect due to a pure and perfect maiden. This was in Rouen ; the Duchess tried to prevail on her to change her dress ; and a tailor after the fashion of her age, waited on her in prison, but he, perhaps told to use some gentle force as well as persuasion, proceeded to unloose her jacket ; he was surprised to find that her powerful young arm dealt him such a cuff as must quite have astonished his tailor's sensibilities ; he hastened away from the famous prisoner and was not wise enough to keep his story to himself. She was imprisoned, however, in several dreary fortresses : Beaurevoir, Arras, Crotoy ; there she saw kind women for the last time in her life. A number of ladies of Abbeville took a boat, five leagues down the Somme, to see her and comfort her. She thanked them, kissed them all at parting ; this was her farewell to all true, sisterly attention from her sex. Thence to Saint-Valéry, Dieppe, Rouen ; in her progress she made two intrepid attempts at escape, she said her "voices dissuaded her from making the attempt, but they consoled her under her failure." Many stories of martyrdoms are wonderful to read, this is most wonderful : such a complication of emissaries : Judas, Herod, and Pilate, scribes, sadducees, pharisees, high-priests, and rulers, all taking counsel together. Paris was in the hands of England, the University of Paris therefore, was the creature of the English power in demanding her trial for witchcraft. Trémouille and Rheims had their interests to serve at Court, they lulled the conscience of the King, so that the trial should take its course. The English desired to wreak a signal vengeance on the head of the girl, which could not be by merely treating her as a soldier in arms for her country. The bad Cardinal of Winchester was the agent of the English with the Church, the Bishop of Beauvais, her chief judge and harsh persecutor and prosecutor, hoped to obtain by his activity the vacant archbishopric of Rouen ; her friends were either compelled to leave her, were powerless ; or, like Jean Gerson, were dead. The Inquisition only sent its agents in to watch the trial at its close, and it boasts that it took no part in her persecution. The Bishop of Beauvais, Pierre Cauchon, was driven from Beauvais, he had neither clergy nor territory of his own ; it was only by an extraordinary Chapter that he was permitted to sit as an ecclesiastical judge. A clever complication of witnesses, and events, was arranged by the Bishop to produce what he called "a beautiful trial." She, when called

to trial, demanded that as it was for witchcraft, she should have as many ecclesiastics adhering to the French king as to the English. She supplicated also that she might hear Mass; in fact she was already excommunicated; both requests were denied. There were six public sessions, her judge must almost have surprised Jeanne when he first addressed her, he was a sweet spoken, silvery voiced, feline man; she no doubt knew his bad blackness at once. Her trial, and all her intercourse with her judges, is full of touching incidents. She yearned for the offices of religion; attempts were made of course to shew her religious ignorance:—

“Since you know the *Pater Noster*, recite [it] before us,” said the bishop.

“Hear me in confession, and I will recite it gladly.” The bishop was not moved by this touching offer of her confidence. He declined to hear her in confession; *that* would have deprived him of the satisfaction of acting as her judge, but he renewed his command, that she should repeat it, unless you hear me in confession.”

“We will grant you one or two notable ecclesiastics of your own party, before whom to say it,” proposed the judge.

“Neither will I say it to them, unless they hear me in confession,” was her response.

A canon of Rouen Cathedral, Nicolás Loisleur, was induced by the Bishop to act the part of a supple, subtle, skilful traitor. He disguised himself, her guards professed to have compassion upon her and to admit a strange priest from her own country who desired to see her, the Earl of Warwick and two notaries listened to take down every word outside her prison-door. The wretched priest—for the wretchedness was his property—had no difficulty in getting her to talk of Domremy, and the oak, and the fountain, and the castle called the island, and “*l'Arbre des Fées*,” but nothing was elicited, and it should be recorded to his honour that Manchon, one of the notaries, when he found the purpose for which the Earl of Warwick brought him to that spot, refused to write. “I will ‘take her words down in Court,’ he said, ‘not here.’” The grandeur of Jeanne’s behaviour on her trial was not either in stoical indifference, or proud haughtiness; but in its sweet womanly simplicity, shrewdness, and endurance, all pervaded by an unhesitating consciousness that, humble as she was, she was yet the woman whom God had raised up. Sometimes a plaintive, pathetic cry was wrung from her. “You burthen me too much,” she said to the Bishop, when he was pressing her with his questions. Again she addressed him, “You say

"that you are my judge:—you are my adversary. Be mindful what you do; for verily I am sent on the part of God; you are putting yourself in great danger," and that denunciation confused the Court, and perplexed the judge for a moment or two. Every friendly voice was instantly overwhelmed by him; Jean Fabri, an Augustine monk, made himself inimical by such poor kindness as he could render. There were great lawyers who dared to say even there, while the trial was going on, that it was an informal business altogether. She was asked, "if she knew herself to be in the grace of God" it was a more delicate question than even the questioner knew, if she answered *yes*, boldly, it would have seemed arrogant; had she said *no*, she would have pleaded her own guiltiness. She at once said, "It is a great matter to reply to such a question." Fabri interposed, "that is a great matter" he said, "to answer—perhaps the accused is not bound to answer upon it." "You would have done better to be silent," said the Bishop to the monk. The question was put to her again after some confusion in the Court. "Speak, Jeanne, do you know yourself to be in grace of God?" "If I am not in the grace of God, God bring me to it!" she said. "If I am, God keep me in it! I should be miserable if I knew myself out of the love and grace of God." The pathetic beauty of the answer overwhelmed the whole Court. The evil-wishers were confused. "Thou hast well answered," said the Archdeacon of Erveux, as to the Augustine monk, he believed she was inspired. They tortured her with questions about her visions and voices; they persecuted her keeper because he permitted her to stay and offer a prayer before the Church on her way from prison to Court each evening. She was able to look in and see the altar, and it was a little comfort to her, who sighed for religious consolations. Then followed her examinations in the prison, bound with the chains; for all this,—evincing a measure of meanness, a death of piety and patriotism, in the souls of her accusers, it would be rare to match—we must refer our readers to Miss Parr's copious documentary extracts. Jeanne's replies to all questions seem to have been wondrously clear. Then, with reference to her banner:—

"When you first took this banner, did you ask whether it would make you victorious in every battle?" "The Voices," answered she, "told me to take it without fear, and that God would help me."

"Which gave the most help; you to the banner, or the banner to you?" "Whether victory came from the banner, or from me, it belonged to our Lord alone."

"Was the hope of victory founded on the banner or on yourself?"
"It was founded on God, and on nought besides."

"If another person had borne it, would the same success have followed?" "I cannot tell; I refer myself to God."

"Why were you chosen sooner than another?" "It was the pleasure of God that thus a simple maid should put the foes of the King to flight."

"Were not you wont to say, to encourage the soldiers, that all the standards made in semblance of your own would be fortunate?" "I used to say to them, 'Rush in boldly among the English;' and then I used to rush in myself."

They asked her if she prayed; then in what words she prayed.

Jeanne recited her secret prayer to God before the crowded court.

Very tender God, in honour of your holy passion, I pray you, if you love me, that you will reveal to me how I ought to answer these churchmen. I know well, as to this habit, the commandment why I took it, but I do not know in what manner I ought to leave it off. Be pleased therefore to teach me.

"And very soon they come," added she. "I have often news by my voices of you,"—looking up at the bishop.

"What do they say of me?" asked he.

"I will tell you it apart."

Always she referred herself to God; she was charged with not submitting to the Church; she said, wisely—

"As for the Church militant," said she, "I would bear it all the honour and reverence in my power. But as for referring my acts to the determination of that Church militant, I must refer them to God, who caused me to do them."

Perhaps we err, but we even go far beyond Miss Parr in our vindication of the Maid. It ought never to be forgotten, that tortured as she was on the rack of close cross-examination, there were yet some things she determined to reserve to herself; it is very likely that she could not give an account of what guided her to the King, in her first interview, or how that which she communicated to him was a secret; she must have been a mystery to herself, but she evidently shrunk as much from talking of, or describing her voices and visions, as a young girl shrinks from chattering of her love—it was all sacred to her. A chief article against her was her man's attire; she promised to abjure it; to sign her abjuration, would they admit her to Confession and to Mass; it was the merest trick. Her woman's clothes were stolen from her cell in the night;

men's were left there ; this was the only clothing she could put on ; the putting it on was treated as a relapse. Her own account, as recited by Lord Mahon, is more distressing still ; in her dying moments she declared an English lord had entered her prison and attempted violence ; on his departure, she resumed her man's attire, more effectually to guard her honour. However that might be, her voices which had left her when she abjured her man's attire, and signed her abjuration, returned to her, henceforth not to rebuke nor condemn, but to comfort her, and bear her on in comfort to the close. So on the thirtieth of May, Martin l'Advenu, appointed her confessor, entered her cell to tell her that she should be buried alive that day in the market-place of Rouen ; she was permitted to receive the Eucharist, but in prison, without the pomp of the Catholic service. A mitre was set upon her head, on which were the words, "HERETIC, RELAPSED, APOSTATE, IDOLATOR !" The first announcement had shaken all her firmness ; she burst into an agony of tears, but courage and her faith in Christ returned. The Bishop came to see her. "I appeal to God against you," she said ; as to the English there was great joy that morning ; now Orleans, Rheims, and Patay, would be avenged ; while the four horses dragged on the car to the place of execution, surrounded by six hundred soldiers, their swords and lances gleaming in the sun of a bright May morning. What stops the car first ? A monk flings himself before it, exclaiming "Pardon ! Jeanne, pardon !" It was the Canon Loiselleur, who had abused her confidence, but she never knew that he had done so ; and it is doubtful if she knew what the interruption meant ; he was warned that he had better fly from Rouen as fast as possible. On went the procession to the old market ; ten thousand people were assembled to see her die ; and a great University preacher was waiting then, with a sermon upon the awful example, &c., &c., while others were reading the dreadful description of her, fastened to the tablet on the funeral pile.

Jehanne, qui s'est fait nommer la Pucelle, menteresse, pernicieuse, abuseresse du peuple, divineresse, superstitieuse, blasphemerresse de Dieu, présomptueuse, mal créant de la foi du Jhesuscrist, vantaressse, ydolatre, cruelle, dissolue, invocatresse de déables, apostate, schismatique and hérétique.

The sermon over, they sought to entangle her in condemnation of the King who had forsaken her. "No," she said, "whether I have ill done, or well done, touches not the King ; "it was not he who counselled me." Then she said how she

forgave all her enemies, and even entreated their forgiveness ; the weakness peculiar to the woman was gone again, and only the saintly heroine ascended the pile ; she vindicated her work and commission, and called on her beloved saints. She asked for a cross ; an English soldier, at the foot of the scaffold, made one of a broken stick. She thanked him, kissed it, and pressed it to her bosom. The Bishop of Thourenne had helped to sell her ; he was there, broken down, and sobbing ; even her wicked judge was in tears. The rage of the crowd grew tempestuous ; they demanded her speedy death ; but the executioner was afraid of his own task ; the soldiers closed round the pile. Miss Parr says "she had seen their backs often ; she saw "their faces now." She was bound to the stake,—the towers of the old city, the old strange gables of four centuries since, thronged with gazers around her. The two priests—preserve their names, for they were friendly to her,—Brother Isambard, and brother Martin—knelt by her. She possessed her soul in peace, and never sinned with her lips ; she saw the fire creeping up, and warned them herself to descend ; before the smoke and the flame could stifle her voice, she sent it out, clear and shrill, to the tribunal where the Bishop of Beauvais sat :—"Bishop," she said, "I die by you ; if you had put me into the hands of the "Church I had never come here !" As her hysterical cry, "Jesus ! Jesus !" throbbed through the air, the excited imaginations of the people made shapes out of her anguish. As her cry became mild and beautiful, though firm, they saw the name of the Redeemer written in the clouds of smoke ; some were prepared to swear that they saw a white dove hovering over her head. What we know is, that Brother Martin stood by her to the last ; he heard her cry in ecstasy "My voices have "not deceived me !" Then came a silence, and one loud cry, "JESUS !" ringing over the crowd—it was her last. The cry which then rose from the multitude in hoarse murmurs, "She was unjustly condemned ! She was unjustly condemned !" was too late for herself and for France. The wonders were not yet over ; it was the bad Cardinal of Winchester—whose death, so different to hers, has been described by Shakespeare—who commanded that her ashes should be cast into the Seine. The executioner, smitten with horror and grief, came frantically forward, declaring that her heart was not burnt, and would not burn. An English soldier, who hated her so thoroughly, that he brought a brand to throw on the fire, when he heard her cry "JESUS !" was struck to the earth insensible, and when he came to himself was a changed creature. The secretary on the trial, who had longed to see her die, went away from the place of

execution, exclaiming, "We are all lost men; we have killed a saint!" Her bitterest enemy in Rouen, Jean d'Estivet, was found dead on a dunghill, outside Rouen gates. The infamous betrayer, Nicolás Loiselleur, had been forced to fly, but arriving in Bâle, he suddenly dropped down dead in the church. We dare not, with de Quincey, follow the Bishop of Beauvais to his death-bed; that of the Cardinal of Winchester is known to us. In ten years' time, all the acts of the "beautiful trial" were revoked; the bishop had not gained the archbishopric—he died very shortly after Jeanne's execution, while his valet was trimming his beard. Jeanne's father died, broken-hearted, for his daughter's death and disgrace; her mother, however, and her brother, Pierre, were restored to all their honours, and pensioned by the city of Orleans; and the Maid's innocence and glory were declared by law in every city of France. In Rouen, a cross was erected on the place of her martyrdom; her sentence was affixed to it, and there publicly torn. In Orleans a penitential procession by torchlight was held, and the Bishop of Coutances, and the chief inquisitor took part in it, to promulgate the law. The poor old Dame d'Arc survived only two years after this, but one of Jeanne's brothers was knighted, and became Governor of that very city of Vaucouleurs, to which she went with steps of trepidation and wonder to declare her mission; he lived to a great age and died in honour. Not many years after the death of Jeanne, the English surrendered Rouen. From the turning-point of Providence to which she had conducted them, her countrymen never turned back, the War of a Hundred Years was at an end, and Jeanne's prophecy came true, that "*all the English would be thrust out of France excepting those who died there.*" We also may well rejoice that it was so—England could never become a colony of France—yet had our conquest of it not been turned back, there must have been a fierce struggle to have prevented this. Our gratitude is therefore due to her, that she did her part to save us from this; and our thanks are due to Miss Parr, for a monument to her memory, the most perfect in literature—as that of Mary of Orleans, or Burgundy, is the most perfect in marble.

II.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.*

AMONG other perplexities and puzzles vexing the heart of Christendom, surely it is not one of the least that nearly two thousand years after the death of our Lord, the Church, as a whole, is still quite undecided as to the way in which it should regard the object which revives in the memory, at the same time, the mode of His death and the means of our salvation; while in some hearts it awakens feelings of elevated devotion; in others, it only rouses emotions of intense hate and rancour. We could not, in this connection, say that it also is "the savour of death unto death," as well as "of life unto life," for, without a doubt, many who have most antipathy to the form or the sign of the Cross, have hearts divinely filled with love to Him who died upon it. It is a matter of regret to us that we have never had the opportunity of refreshing ourselves from the immense waves of learning in the three great folios of the Jesuit father, Gretzer's "*De Cruce*." Yet, while all its learning is laid literally at the foot of the cross, and is a vindication of its shape and sign, we suppose the learning of the volume to which we refer below, "*The Scholasticale Discourse*," is not inferior; and the virulent, vehement, and utmost rabid hatred of the cross, whether entertained mystically, or formed aërially, or carved, or erected materially, equals all that the most envenomed infidelity could ever seek to say about, what we should think, to every Christian heart, must be the sacred sign. As a literary relic and curiosity, this discourse is worth referring to; we suppose it may be regarded as a very rare book; except our own copy, we have never either seen or heard of another. We cannot but wonder that, if known all all, it has not been by some Protestant association reprinted; its value, however, would be in an actual reprint, not a selection of extracts; every page of the little folio abounds with references,

1* *Scholasticale Discourse against symbolizing with Antichrist in Ceremonies: especially in the Signe of the Crosse.* Anno Domini, 1607.
 2. *The Cross and the Serpent: Being a Brief History of the Triumph of the Cross through a long series of ages, in Prophecy, Types and Fulfilment.* By the Reverend William Haslam, perpetual curate of St. Michael's, Baldin. John Henry Parker. 1849.

to every kind of rare reading and learning ; and its three-hundred-and-fifty pages, where they are not a vehement malediction and curse upon the cross, form a close and connected argument in defence of cursing it, yet of the piety of the anonymous author, and the elevation of his Christian faith and character, we should not for a moment entertain a doubt. The work was, of course, written during the heat of that great controversy, when, to all Protestant minds, the cross had become a very Nehushtan, and we do not at all wonder that it had become such an abomination to the spiritual sense ; it had, indeed, become a hindrance rather than a help to faith ; it had become not so much a sign of separation from Paganism, as in itself even a Pagan idea—an idolatry. This seemed quite to obscure the minds of many men, when they thought of many writers when they wrote of it ; it seems to us wonderful that Brentius could ever have said, as he says in the Württemberg Confession, that “in regard to moral aptness, a circle representeth Christ’s death as well as a cross,” and still more remarkable, that Peter Viret could say, “A cow is as good a “sign of the death of Christ as this sign.” Such expressions seem to us,—we suppose they would seem to most Christians,—very ignorant, although penned by such eminent men ; but the words of the learned author of the *Scholasticale Discourse* are wondrously shocking. We wonder whether any of our extreme Protestant friends in this day would like to stand sponsors to such sayings as the following?—“This idol is a tempting harlot, “the cross in particular, a very ringworm that spreadeth “mightily ; men by nature, the men of England by custom also, “are most prone to superstition ; the devil is present with the “idol to insinuate bad suggestions, which are much furthered by “the honourable sublimity which the cross obtaineth in Baptism.” Again, “come hither you that plead for this adulteress “(*i.e.* “the cross) ; see ye not how deeply she hath drunk of the bitter “water of cursing to the rotting of her thigh,” &c., &c. Again, “The cross turneth God’s glorious essence into a vile and shameful lie, when it putteth on Him a certain *esse vestium imagine*, “an essence clothed with an image.” Again, “It is a creature of “the devil ; if we keep ourselves within the bounds of Scripture, “we must compare the cross with an harlot.” Now while we write these words, feelings very much akin to those with which we might regard sacrilege possess us ; it must be said, in estimation of the writer, who was a man immensely in earnest, that there were no bad things in his day which were not signed with the sign of the cross,—that token seal,—that covenant and synonym of all highest blessing had become, what air becomes

in a room of plague and fever, laden with death. In our times we know not if any would express themselves as strongly; we are very certain that our extreme English Protestantism has lost the power to write as ably and learnedly; but the emotions which should be excited by the cross seem still to be, by Protestants, undetermined and undefined. Any relationship to, or approval of, the sign, is suspicious, and lays the wearer or the user open to the charge of Popery; for our own part, we think that our unwise and unreasoning hostility to the sign of the cross is one of the strongest weapons in the hands of Rome against us. Can it be that the shape of the cross, the form of the accursed tree, on which our Saviour made expiation for our sins, is an object of indifference to any believer? or is its tradition the sole property of the Church of the Papists? The way in which some simple souls attempt to approve their Protestantism by hatred to the sign is most curious. Our friend, Newman Hall, wore, some time years since, a little cross upon a watch-guard; visiting some provincial town, the spectacle excited horror and dismay, as evidently indicating a proclivity to Rome! In a chapel, with which we are well acquainted, when erected, a cross formed the ornament suspended from the central gaselier; some persons whose subscriptions had not been actually paid in, threatened to withdraw their money from the subscription, and themselves from the service, unless it were removed, and it was removed. A friend of our own had given to him by his wife a little oaken cross in Chamounix,—somehow it was so placed in his study, that it was seen by neighbours opposite, and was taken as a clear indication of his general tendencies. Recently, in a large town in the neighbourhood of London, a large subscription was raised for a monument over the grave of a venerable and estimable clergyman; it was determined that it should assume the shape of a cross; instantly the strife and clamour became loud and long, and before their voices the original design had to be given up. We do not think we have many Rome-ward tendencies, that is certainly not the impression held of us by such Romanists as know anything of us; yet, perhaps we may forfeit a little of the confidence of extreme Protestants if we ask, is there much wisdom or common sense in these things? Is faith in Christ only to be purchased by scoffing, scorn, contempt or in indifference to the form associated with His death,—that of which the Apostle said, "God forbid that in anything save this I should glory?" Do we show a superior earnestness and holiness by casting it out, and tramping it under foot? We believe in many matters in this day we have fallen into injudicious ex-

We do not speak at all in the interest of those ideas which would give over the Church of Christ to the fine arts. We have much sympathy with Thomas Carlyle when, with much gusto, he quotes the exclamation "May the devil fly away with all the fine arts!" as with Ruskin's earnestly expressed opinion, and on such a subject he may be supposed to speak impartially, that the interests of art should be kept entirely separate from sacred things, expressing his conviction that all the most spiritually-minded persons he has known have been perfectly indifferent to, and independent of, all art in religion, and religious service; but it seems to us that the cross is subject to another kind of remark; it is even sad to say, it ought to be clear that it admits of quite another kind of defence; the confusion of pictures, music, architecture of any order, surplices, and robes; albs, and chasubles; with all the other varieties of rubbish,—

"Black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery"—

must surely be regarded as from a very different point of view to that from which any Christian, however illiterate, or however cultured, beholds the object of his Lord's passion.

We have no history of the superstition of the cross; some of the Fathers saw it in everything; Justin Martyr thought it impossible that anything in the world should be regulated, or any intercourse carried on without employing this figure; St. Ephrem, the Syrian, when he beheld a bird with its wings expanded in flight, saw a type of the sign with which all his hopes were identified; other Fathers saw the cross in the ship with its mast erect, and outspread yards; they saw it in the plough with which they tilled their land; they saw it in the erect human form with its expanded arms; they saw it in the human face; or, turning to merely natural things, in the spreading branches of a tree; in the petals of a flower; then they found it amongst the most primæval and ancient letters, if they pored over old manuscripts. All things seemed to develop the same perpetual and ever recurring idea; whereas we ingeniously devise how we may dispense with the sign, and turn our eyes from its manifestation; these poor things sought it everywhere; they saw it in everything; that it frequently became merely fanciful, we cannot doubt; it was the mysterious T A U., ordered in the ninth chapter of Ezekiel to be set as a mark upon the forehead of the men "sighing and mourning for the abominations of the land." And the early Fathers, Cyprian, Tertullian, Origen, and Jerome all commented upon the resemblance of this old letter to the mark inscribed upon the

forehead of the young disciple in Baptism. When fancy begins her excursions, she travels far ; we do not wonder, therefore, that Augustine found a type of the cross in the scarlet cord let down by Rahab from her window in Jericho ; others, in the plate of purest gold, hung upon the forehead of the high-priest ; and others, even in the signet-ring of Pharaoh ; which last is not so absurd as at first it seems, since modern discovery has found the cross among the ancient hieroglyphics of Egypt, a sacred sign. When Methodism rose in this country, the minds of the early converts moved habitually to cadences of prayer ; our recollections are only of a time when this was ceasing to be a reality ; still some of our readers can remember how ejaculations, "Praise the Lord !" "Bless the Lord !" were perpetually on the lips of these people ; the habit will only to many of our readers seem sad, contemptible, hypocritical ; in truth, it was neither one nor the other of these ; it was the expression of fervent, undeviating devotion, very natural to times and states of extraordinary religious excitement ; such a silent expression we believe the sign of the cross to have been in the first days of its history ; it was probably adopted as a silent word when audible words would have been dangerous ; it was the freemasonry of the Church ; in crypts, and woods, and lonely places ; perhaps in the palace of the Cæsars, or in an obscure street in Pompeii, or Ephesus, or Corinth, the brethren met in religious service, daring to speak very little, but expressing their faith and allegiance by the sign of the cross ; the stranger who came into their midst would give this as his introduction, and be received by the countersign of the cross ; it was equivalent to a prayer ; it was their creed ; their hymn of praise ; the poor creatures had so much faith that every action of life came to be hallowed in a way by this sign. Tertullian tells how "in all their travels and movements, in all their comings in, and goings out ; in putting on their shoes, in the meeting at the table, in lighting their candles, in lying down, in sitting down, whatever occupation employed them, they were wont to mark themselves with the sign of the cross." And, in truth, while we should refuse to plead for the value, or adopt the use of such a sign, we should assuredly refuse to join in the sneer by whomsoever indulged, against a practice which implicitly confessed that in all the ways of life the Redeemer of souls was acknowledged as the motive, and the end. A splendid passage of St. Chrysostom has been so often quoted that perhaps we need not cite it again ; we will, however, do so :—

The cross shines resplendent at the sacred table, in the ordinations of the priests, and in the mystic supper of the Lord's body. You

behold it blazoned everywhere; in private houses, and in the public forum; in the deserts, and in the streets; on mountains, in meadows, and on hills; on the sea, in ships, in islands; on couches, on garments, and on armour; in the bed-chambers, and the banqueting-room; on vessels of gold and silver, on jewels, and in pictures; on the bodies of distempered animals, and on the bodies of persons possessed by the devil; in war and in peace; by day and by night; in the festival of the dancers, and amid the mortifications of the penitents—with so much earnestness do all without exception cultivate this wondrous gift and its ineffable grace. No one is ashamed or put to the blush by the thought that it is the symbol of an accursed death, but we all feel ourselves more adorned thereby than by crowns, diadems, and collars loaded with pearls. It shines everywhere; on the walls of our houses, on the ceilings of our apartments; in our books, in cities, and in villages, in deserts, and in cultivated fields.

So much for this practice, as it greets us in the earliest ages of the Christian Church. Mr. Haslam's book, which we have united in the introduction of this paper, with the *Scholasticale Discourse*, rather for the purpose of showing to what remote distances extremes of thought may run in connection with this matter, attempts, by a most interesting process of learned inquiry, to show the coincidence of the cross, as a sacred object, in all ages and nations. The inquiry might have been pushed much further; we fancy he is mistaken in supposing that he occupies a ground, and adopts an argument, not occupied or adopted before. From age to age, from clime to clime, the cross seems to have gleamed like some bright apparition across the imagination and thoughts of men; perhaps we ought not to think this very surprising; have we not known that Christ was "the desire of nations?" If these were a testimony to Him, sounding mysterious prelibations through the literatures, oracles, and philosophies of the ancients; if others, beside Hebrew seers, sought "what, and what manner of time the Spirit of Christ within them did signify," it is not wonderful, if there were an anticipation of the sacred sign? Mr. Haslam thinks, that even to the heathen, there was a sort of prophetic revelation of the cross; the sign in ancient Egypt, synonymous with a future life, was a cross; the signs of reverence by which they indicated all the five planets, were crosses; and in many forms in that country of mystical wisdom and darkness, the sign was expressed by its priests; from earliest times in India, it was employed to symbolize the four elements; it seems to have been thus with them the mark of transmigration; their temples were often reared in its shape. Amongst the old American peoples, the cross is still found as an idol; Mr. Stephens in his "*Ruins of Central America*," assigns to the ancient temple of Palanque, a remote antiquity

long anterior to the Christian era, and can only account for its being in the shape of the cross, by "the argument that it had "a symbolical meaning among ancient nations long before it "was an emblem of the Christian faith." Of course it was inevitable that, as the cross became associated with almost universal devotion, it should be traced into such relationships, that the most tolerant mind would regard as assuredly superstitious; yet the coincidence of its relationships, in manifold ancient mythologies and religions, is certainly interesting. The early Christians discovered it in many ancient pagan buildings converted into ruins before the night of the newly-armed faith; the sign to them, where it was not miraculous, had yet been prophetic. Dr. Milman, indeed, closes the whole matter by saying the cross—the *Cruz Ansata*—is a common hieroglyphic, a symbol of life; it seems so to us; yet, when we find it in immediate association as a symbol with immortality, duty, and divine conquest, it assuredly seems a marvellous coincidence. We are not prepared to find the whole doctrine of the cross in the myth of the Iliad of Homer, as Mr. Haslam is; but, perhaps our readers would like to read his ingenious rendering of the old Greek poem into Christian doctrine:—

First, we have Paris, the cause of the war, the same person, who, at the marriage of Thetis, before the birth of the god-man Achilles, gave Venus an apple; he is the Serpent, the winning, enticing, and beautiful person, who gives an apple to a woman, the goddess of beauty, and then effects the abduction of the most "beautiful woman" Helen from the paths of rectitude. The abduction is followed by war and discord, which remained till the half-divine Achilles appeared, who was vulnerable only in the heel. He came to the war a *destined sacrifice* for the Greeks; their king Agamemnon defrauded him, and reviled him, and still, though all-powerful, he made no retaliation; but quietly submitted to those indignities. Aroused at length by the death of his friend Patroclus, he came forth to destroy Hector, *the brother of Paris*. He killed him, and dragged his body behind his chariot three times round the walls of Troy: but soon after, Achilles was wounded *in the heel* by Paris, and died. With respect to Troy, the city of Priam, the father of Paris and Hector, it had been ordained that it could not be taken without the *arrows* of Hercules. Philoctetes, who held the mysterious weapons, was detained by a wound *in the foot*, inflicted by a *serpent*; but, on his recovery, he came to the allied forces; and Troy was then taken and destroyed, and Paris put to death with the same *arrows* which we have already seen were used for the conquest of Python, and the dragon of the Hesperides.

It is not necessary to explain this mythic statement. I cannot believe that Homer, who had so much to do with the mythology of Greece, could have *blindly* invented so many wonderful mythes; or,

that he arranged his characters (many of whom are not claimed as historic personages) and his subject in such very significant order in his poem unintentionally, and without an object.

To us, still more remarkable seems the Caduceus of Mercury, those who believe with Lord Bacon in the wisdom of the ancients, and that pictures in those old poems were parables containing profoundest truth, may perhaps build a singular edifice in their dreams. Whom did they intend, such a dreamer may ask, by Mercury the son of Jupiter? by Maia, the beautiful woman of the Eden of the Hesperides? Mercury sent from heaven to earth, bears with him the sacred Herpe, or dagger; it was this which, lent to Perseus, slew the Medusa, one of the Gorgons; and the sea-monster which threatened to devour Andromeda; but more than the dagger, Mercury, Hermes, carried with him the miraculous wand or sign, the Caduceus, a kind of cross which possessed, says mythology, such efficacy, that if it touched a person who was awake, he fell into a deep sleep, or if asleep, he started up into the vigour of a new life; if it touched the dying, the soul gently parted from the mortal frame; if it touched the dead, they returned to life; if it touched enemies, they loved each other; it possessed the power to appease quarrels and controversies; by means of it, Mercury conducted the departed to the regions of rest, or men from one world to another; it is not less significant that it was said originally to be a rod, with which serpents had been destroyed, and, therefore, as in all the pictures we have seen of it, serpents were always wreathed round it. When we take the circuit of the world, and find in the old literatures of cultivated nations such mysterious, yet readable, hieroglyphs, among the Chinese, in the old Druidic rites, and Celtic usages, it is impossible to resist some such impression as that by symbol, shaping itself out from rude, or refining instincts, God "left Himself not without a witness" in the heart of man. For ourselves, it is not merely that we prefer to take this view of human nature; it seems to be forced upon us, both by what we feel and what we see. The sign of the cross in Heathendom, in which we, as a portion of the great Teutonic, or Scandinavian races, are most interested, is the sacred Miolmer, crusher, or Hammer of Thor; nor have we been slow to notice it as significant, that the race of Thor emerged into its marvellous migratory power, simultaneously with the proclamation of the cross; and the race of Thor has furnished the most ardent apostles of the cross, and has been the most influential in its proclamation and establishment. Thor was the son of Odin,

or Alfader, and Freya, that is the earth, or the first woman, or Eve of Scandinavian history. Thor was the bravest of gods and men, active, swift, and strong; he guards mankind against evil spirits and genii, with whom he wages perpetual war; he is represented as a king crowned; in one hand he holds the globe or sceptre, but in the other held Mjolmer, and his strength in it was terrible; it has been usually called a Hammer, it is in the shape of a cross, so he went forth; he had also a Girdle in which lay his strength and energy. We need not detain our readers with the particulars of this most magnificent old Scandinavian myth, through which truth seems to look out, as through the eyelids of the morning. In brief, our readers may remember that Alfader had another son, the beautiful Balder, of whom the ancient predictions affirmed that he would die, but whose life seemed guaranteed by his relation to the gods, but who at last was deceived by an evil spirit, Loki; then Thor descends to save him, but himself is overcome, yet, too subtle to be destroyed; he writhes, but in doing so causes earthquakes; he conquers at last, the great world-serpent; liberates Balder, in whose liberation is produced a mightier, happier, race of men, or sons, to each of whom Thor gives a mighty Mjolmer, Hammer, or Cross, that they may prevail over their enemies, conquer as he conquered, and reign with him.

Upon a paper, commenced with different intentions, we must not dwell to notice all the tracks which a singular superstition has trodden in connection with this assuredly mysterious sign; such an opinion may expose us to pity; but we cannot, in our estimation, reduce it to ordinariness and insignificance; coarse and humiliating in its Christian original, it is the symbol; absurd, and irrational as the unbeliever may choose to regard it, it is the symbol most ancient and venerable; to the Jew, and the ancient Roman, the type of the most degrading, the basest punishment of the lowest criminal, the most despicable and revolting instrument of execution; yet, "to the Cross of Christ," remarks Dr. Milman, in his Bampton lecture, "men turn from deities in which were embodied every attribute of strength, power, and dignity." To the more absurd traditions, we have devoted no attention. That legendary account, which we find in the pages of Gretzer, of the original of the tree from which the cross was made; how Abraham planted a cypress, a pine, and a cedar, that united themselves into one tree, nevertheless each containing the propriety of its roots and branches; that the tree was cut down, when the materials were preparing for the Temple of Solomon, but that it was impossible to fix it in any place, which Solomon seeing, resolved to make it serve for a seat; that the Sibyl being brought there

would never sit on it, and that she predicted that the Redeemer of mankind would die triumphantly on that wood; that Solomon embossed it with thirty crosses of silver, and that it continued in that situation, lasting until the death of Christ. There are plenty of these things more curious than edifying, like the Abyssinian tradition, that when the Queen of Sheba was on her way to Jerusalem, she had to cross certain beams laid by way of a bridge, but that, being illuminated by the spirit of prophecy, she turned, saying she would not put her feet upon that whereon the Saviour of the world was to suffer, and desired Solomon to move the predestinated timber.

But we started with the inquiry as to the emotions fitting for the regarding of the cross, and we confess to the having been moved to the inquiry, from a feeling that there is a kind of Protestantism which injures itself, and needs to be reproved for an indulgence in feelings very much akin to those expressed by the author of the *Scholasticale Discourse*, and which, while no doubt the writing of a good and holy man, is to our mind, simply revolting. We are quite aware of the arguments that may be alleged against either carving the cross, or wearing it—that the faith should rest on what the Saviour was, and what He did; that, more than this may degenerate into relic worship, and so on; to which we reply, it is most true, but everything connected with the Redeemer should be dear to His followers. It would not increase our estimate of the filial piety of a son who should tell us that he loved his mother so much, that he had burnt her likeness that he might increase his affection, and especially if that likeness possessed the power to bring forcibly to the memory her love, and grief, and tears for him. At the same time, having said so much, we must not be understood as attaching any power to the sign of the cross; our object is to rescue it (what an expression!) from the indignity to which many ill-judging friends would consign it. The sign of the cross, as generally used by the Romish Church in all her offices; the sign, as used by, perhaps, the largest number of ministers of the English Church, is, no doubt, most deluding and dangerous; such doctrine is indeed, simply that of Bellarmine, and all the great doctors of that school; that “there is a virtue flowing into the cross from Christ’s death; the cross whereon “Christ died, drunk in virtue from His blood, not for himself “only, but for all other crosses also that are like to Him; the “cross, with other sacramentalia, apply Christ’s blood unto the “washing away of sin; and that as a fellow-worker with our “faith.” The judicious Hooker’s judgment indeed, stops far short of this—he pleads with his overwhelming stately elo-

quence for the use of the sign of the cross, but he does not convince us. "The mind, while we are in this present life, whether it contemplate, meditate, deliberate, or however exercise itself, worketh nothing without continual recourse unto imagination, the only storehouse of wit, and peculiar chain of memory; on this anvil it ceaseth not day and night to strike, by means whereof, as the pulse declareth how the heart doth work, so the very thoughts and cogitations of man's minds, be they good or bad, so nowhere sooner bewray themselves than through the crevices of that wall wherewith nature hath compassed the cells and closets of fancy." To all which it may, we think, succinctly and satisfactorily be replied, that no outward sign ought to be added by the Church to Christ's institution, and that certainly those who command, as the Papists do, and the High-Church party of our country, the use of the cross as a religious ceremony, lay themselves under the interdict of the curse of those who, adding unto the things of God, are in danger of having added to them the plagues written in the Book. What ingenuities are revealed in the missal, in the blessing of the font, for instance:—"By the commandment of Thy Majesty, let this water take the grace of Thine only beloved Son, by the Holy Ghost, who, regenerated this water, (*fac crucem*) prepared, let Him make fertile, by the secret admixture of His light, that sanctification being conceived from the Immaculate womb of the Divine fountain, an heavenly progeny may arise out of it, born again unto a new creature; (*fac crucem*) let this holy (*fac crucem*) and innocent creature, let it be a living fountain (*fac crucem*) let it be a water regenerating (*fac crucem*) a wave purifying (*fac crucem*), wherefore I bless thee, thou creature of water, by the living God (*fac crucem*), by the true God (*fac crucem*), by the holy God;" (*fac crucem*) and here let the wax taper be put into the water, then the priest must say, "let there come down into the fulness of this font the power of the Holy Ghost," and let the priest blow thrice into the font, saying, "let Him impregnate the whole substance of this water with the effect of regenerating." All these things let the priest do thrice, and then let him go forward and dip his right thumb into new chrism, and let him sign the font with the wonted sign of the cross, saying, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, let this font be sanctified"! Here is a reasonable service! Our spirits tremble at such an abuse of prayer, and of the sacred sign; when we read such enormities of idolatry, they seem to almost justify the language of the *Scholasticale Discourse*. In Abbeville in 1765, a great wooden crucifix on the *Pont Neuf*

was found mutilated in several places. The Bishop with a crowd, all barefooted, and a rope round his neck, made the *amende honorable* in procession to it, and twelve months after, a youth, not nineteen years of age, upon whom the offence was never proved, was burnt in circumstances of horrible judicial cruelty. We must remember such things when we marvel at the offence of the cross. Thomas Aquinas, fixing his dying eyes upon the crucifix, and murmuring "nothing but Thee," moves our affectionate homage and sympathy. Bonaventura, when asked, whence came the force and unction of his words and sermons, pointed to the crucifix in his cell, and quietly said this, "it is that which dictates all my words to me," this we can understand; but such services as that we have recited, move us to feelings of mingled indignation and pity; yet we do no injustice, we are persuaded to a large party of churchmen in this country, when expressing our belief that they would gladly incorporate into their religious symbolism, such an outrage upon the rites of faith. We trust we are wiser; we shall never cease to see, in the cross, the sign God condescended to use and bless to the end of our salvation; we have no objection to the word in our hymns; we should think every prayer incomplete that did not contain it; if it shine in our buildings for worship, it indicates the means through which service to God alone becomes reasonable and possible; if it be an ornament in the household room, it glorifies the homely, daily duties of life, by the remembrance of that great sacrifice which alone can make all other sacrifice sweet and hopeful. Here we stop. Yet there are those who would make the crucifix to supersede and take the place of the intelligent proclamation of the Gospel of Christ, the Living Saviour; this Ritualism is attempting to do. Dr. Littledale, of Norwich, clergyman of the Church of England, says, "Take two street Arabs, perfectly ignorant of Christianity, read to one of them the Gospel narration of the Passion, and comment on it, as plainly as may be. Show the other a crucifix, and tell him simply what it means; question each a week afterwards, and see which has the clearer notions about the history of Calvary." We do not accept Dr. Littledale's conclusion. The cross, in gold, on the back of the priest, or, in water, on the brow of an infant, or on the lid of a coffin, or in the innumerable other ingenious torturings to which it is compelled, is forced, artificial, unserviceable to the subject, and certainly in danger of aiding to the breaking of that command which warns us "*not to make an image of anything to bow down to it.*"

III.

"THE LIFE AND THE LIGHT.*"

WE hail the publication of this sermon with great satisfaction, differing from ordinary pulpit addresses in that it opens out a more adventurous line of thought, and gives prominence to an argument of which the evangelical party in the Christian Church have been singularly slow to avail themselves, although in their hands no argument can, as our author justly observes, be "more potent." We allude to the "inductive argument," the "argument from practical results," the argument which assigns to Christianity "a philosophy" as well as a history, and, in the confidence of self-sustaining strength, throws down the gauntlet of defiance "not only against all opposing religious, "philosophical, or scientific systems, but also against all who "denude Christianity of its distinctive evangelical elements."

A prejudice has prevailed against arguments of this class, because they have been supposed to partake of a rationalizing character. No greater mistake could exist. Their tendency is catholicizing; certainly not rationalizing. It is, however, ominous of progress in the right direction when we see a sermon like the present preached, on a great public occasion, by a leading Congregationalist divine, and published at the request of so influential a body of ministers and laymen as constitute "the Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society." May we not infer from this circumstance, that a higher tone of religious thought is beginning to recommend itself to the Christian mind? And may we not also discover in Mr. Allon's simple, robust diction, the effect which the conveyance of such thoughts must necessarily have in putting an end to the uncouth jargon of theological technicalities? Catholic thought begets of course catholic diction; and catholic diction does not depart needlessly from ordinary language. Next to the accomplishment of the main purpose of Mr. Allon's argument, we can conceive of no higher service that could be rendered to the Church of Christ, than by discussing such a theme, to submit denominational peculiarities of thought and expression to a symmetrical adjust-

* *The Life and the Light.* A Sermon preached on behalf of Wesleyan Missionary Society, by the Rev. Henry Allon.

ment; thereby giving to evangelical theology a better nomenclature, and rescuing its intellectual character from the censures to which its pedantic verbiage has hitherto needlessly exposed it.

Before we proceed to analyze the argument of this sermon, and to examine its force, we will notice a few principles which it postulates.

And first, it is to be observed, that according to Mr. Allon's exposition of his text—"In Him was life, and the life was the light of men."—(John i., 4.)

It roots all the religious powers of Christianity in the person of Christ. It does not say that the way to life was taught by Christ, but that life was 'in Him.' It does not say that the words of Christ gave men light, but that 'the light of man' was in His personal life. It does not speak of a saving doctrine to be believed, but of a saving person to be trusted.

Now in thus speaking of the power of the life of Christ, what does Mr. Allon mean? Does he mean that Christ saves men by an active personal interposition, analogous to that of a life-boat's crew, when they snatch from the deep a drowning sailor? Or does the power of the Christ-life consist in its suggestive and moral influence, accompanied in its operation by the energy of the Holy Spirit, in a manner hereafter to be noted? We confess to some difficulty upon this point. There are phrases which appear, at first sight, to convey the former of these two meanings; and yet, were that meaning to be assigned to Mr. Allon's words, the result would be, we think, to destroy the whole force of his argument. Nothing in favour of Christianity can be inferred from its practical effects, if there be an active personal interposition, capable of producing those effects independent of our reception of the truth. If a manufacturer use a machine in which, from the first application of the motive power to the end of the process, there is nothing but machinery, you may conclusively infer from the result that the machinery is fitted to produce it. But no such inference could be drawn if there were, throughout the process, mediate interpolations of personal activity. So the historic life of Christ must, for the purpose of the present discussion, be left to exert its force upon the human mind as the sole, *calculable*, motive energy. We, however, advisedly guard the statement we have just made by the use of the word "*calculable*," inasmuch, as in our view of the scriptural doctrine of the Holy Spirit's influence, it originates our moral intuitions, and vitally permeates all moral operations, without in the slightest degree affecting the relation between

moral causes and their effects; just as the presence of the Creator permeates all natural operations without its disturbing nature's laws. Accordingly, we understand Mr. Allon's doctrine of a living Christ to allow that, although there is in the world a constant presence and action of the Spirit of Christ, as the living Head of His Church, all such action proceeds according to certain uniform laws; so that, in discussing with an opponent what have been the results of Christianity, the discussion may proceed upon the same principle as if they were attributable wholly to the power of truth.

Another principle necessary to be postulated is this:—The intuitional cravings of the human conscience in regard to sin and our deliverance from it, are not to be reckoned among the fruits of Christianity; they anticipate and call for it.

"We are," says Augustine, "made for God, and our souls cannot rest until they find rest in God"; therefore it is that the sense of sin makes itself felt in a troubled unrest, in a bitter feeling of privation, in moral yearning and shame. To this there is no exception; never yet has man been found kneeling before his God in the pure consciousness of primitive innocence, rejoicing in untroubled affiance. Wherever men are found, in some way or other they indicate their consciousness not only of unholiness, but of sin, of wrong-doing. Every religious service takes some expiatory form; every deity has to be appeased by some sanguinary offering or penal endurance. It is not incumbent upon Christianity to account for this. It does not make the condition; it finds it, and provides for it. Men are not educated to the conviction of sin by the teachings of a theology, by the craft of a priesthood; it is the testimony of man's universal conscience, the consciousness of his daily experience, "He knows the better and pursues the worse." The feeling anticipates the Bible, and extends far beyond the knowledge of it. It would exist were there no Bible at all. . . . In a state of low moral intelligence and feeling, where passion has no powerful restraint, and habit is unmolested, the sense of sin may be dull and vague, and may rapidly be diminished; but this affects only the education of the feeling,—the feeling itself is indubitably there."

We have now before us two things:—

1. The conscience of humanity and its moral cravings.
 2. The Christ-life, adapted to relieve the conscience's wants.
- Out of these two, arises a third postulate. Before the Christ-life can operate upon the conscience, they must be brought into contact with each other, the medium of contact being scripturally denominated "Faith."

We need hardly remark that it would be fatal to Mr. Allon's theory, if faith did more than let in upon the conscience the

full force of the Christ-life: it must add nothing, but be a mere conduit pipe. As Dr. Newman taught when an Anglican clergyman, faith must be "colourless," perfectly transparent: it must transmit the rays of the Christ-life to the conscience in their unsullied purity. Were it otherwise, it would not be the Gospel that saves, but the Gospel and something superadded; and thus the argument which attributes all the moral effects of Christianity to the Christ-life would become inaccurate in its statement.

But although faith adds nothing to the substance of the truth, it no doubt adds or implies moral conviction and certainty. For what is faith? It is not a purely intellectual act, but a mingled operation of the intellect and the conscience. It is the craving conscience grasping that which it intuitively perceives will satisfy it; hunger-feeding, thirst-drinking, helplessness leaning on the strong, and finding the support it needs.

Having thus stated the three axiomatic principles which, as it appears to us, Mr. Allon's argument postulates or takes for granted, we will next, in Mr. Allon's own words, give the the argument itself:—

"The argument is, that, demonstrated by the entire history of the past, the distinctive Evangelical Christianity which our missionaries preach, has been proved to be the most potent of all things, for the religious enlightenment and sanctification of the world. . . . No test is more legitimate or more decisive. Theological debate is interminable; theory may be met by counter theory, argument by opposing argument; but the appeal to realized results, to renewed and sanctified men is conclusive: By means of it the obscurest worker who converts sinful and wretched men into rejoicing saints, who transforms godless homes into holy ones, may do more for the vindication of Christianity than its most learned and eloquent apologists: . . . Christianity has been tested as no other religion has. It has been tested in every part of the earth, and under the most diversified conditions of human life and character; and with one uniform result. Wherever it has been received, as it claims to be received, it has transformed human lives and sanctified human hearts: Barbarous lands have been civilized, savage hearts have been made human, and godless and degraded men holy . . . The experiment, indeed, has been made on so large a scale, in such various forms, and through so long a series of generations, that the connection of cause and effect is indisputable:"

To this argument, put so cogently, what reply can we imagine to be given? The facts may be disputed; but, on a question of fact, all we can do is to challenge the most crucial investigation. Assuming, however, that the beneficial effects of Christianity are so obvious as to compel the admission of the broad

fact, we can still conceive it possible that a sceptic may be dissatisfied with the proof that Christianity, as a specific form of religion, has a distinctive claim. Religion, it may be said, when free from priestcraft and superstition, exerts upon mankind a salutary influence; it adds sanctions to law and promotes moral culture: but the only portion of religion that is effective is that which teaches and enforces good morals, and admitting, therefore, that the spread of Christianity has made the world better, that is only because its morality is pure; any other example of perfect morals, whether real or fictitious, would have answered the same purpose as the Christ-example, provided only it were clothed in drama and urged with equal zeal.

What answer are we to give to objections of this class? How is it to be made apparent that the admitted power of the religion of Christ is owing as much to "its distinctive evangelical elements" as to "its superior religious ethics"? The answer that occurs to us is this:—All those experimental tests to which Mr. Allon refers, those "sinful and wretched men" converted into "rejoicing saints," have had a progressive moral history. Whenever and wherever their conversions have occurred, whether in ancient or modern times, at home or abroad, among civilized or uncivilized men, in the palaces of the great or the cottages of the poor, amid halls of learning or haunts of ignorance and vice, they have been marked by a series of changes, each change produced by a new phase of Christian truth. Hence, if we can clearly indicate those changes and assign each to its producing cause, we may thereby succeed in establishing, against opponents, on a wider and firmer base, the more specific position for which Mr. Allon contends.

We have already said that the consciousness of sin committed in the past, and of existing moral imperfection, is more or less present to the minds of all men. If there be exceptions, they are to be found only among the most vicious and degraded, where there has been the total absence of moral culture, and in whom, therefore, the very "conscience is defiled." To this we add, that you cannot have a refined conscience joined with an immortal life. Culture in morals, like culture art, is the fruit of practice. No man was ever made a painter by mere theoretical instruction, nor can the conscience be thus educated. Nothing but submission to the sense of right can develop the moral instincts, and wherever there is this submission, in however slight a degree, there will be the consciousness of wrong-doing. Anomalous though it seems, the fact is beyond all question, that the basest minds are those which have no consciousness of error,

and that, in proportion as we practice the right, we shall have a keener conception and more oppressive consciousness of wrong. With advanced culture the anguish becomes extreme.

There is nothing in the experience of human souls more remarkable than that the feelings of sin should awaken such intense, and bitter, and peculiar sorrow. Why is it that I sorrow for sin committed against God, with a feeling so different from all other human regrets? If I make mistakes in ordinary life, if I offend my brother man, I may feel regret, but this is a feeling radically different from sorrow for sin. How are we to account for this element of peculiar and pungent grief in human souls? What an argument even this is for the reality of our religious nature, for the truth of the supernatural, for the universality of sin!"

It might have been added, what an argument does this "peculiar and pungent grief for sin," co-existing with the earnest effort to do right, afford also for Christianity and its evangelical elements! The religion of mere morals inculcates obedience, and, having done so, assumes that obedience will bring with it mental satisfaction. But is that the case? Does not universal experience demonstrate the exact contrary? The more perfectly we obey, the more pungent our grief. Such is human nature. And such is the condition of humanity for which the Gospel provides a remedy. Thus humanity and Christianity are at one, while scepticism is at variance with both.

The first step is taken in the process of moral renovation when, in the presence of Christianity's superior ethics, our consciousness of moral defilement has become intensified, and a cry has been raised for deliverance. To this cry Christianity gives a fitting answer; and herein we have another proof of its aptitude and power:—

The great religious problem of every age has been, "How shall man be just with God?" The perplexed inquiry of every self-conscious soul, "Wherewithal shall I appear before God?" "We think of God and are troubled! . . . What human philosophy has furnished a solution of this great problem? When I prostrate myself before God in the deep humiliation—the bitter sorrow of conscious sin—my carelessness somehow or other arrested, my callousness softened, my heart quickened to spiritual sensibilities and solitudes, what can effectually appease my awakened conscience, my sense of wrong doing, the memory of a guilty, wasted life?"

We are not indisposed to allow, that out of the advanced moral condition, whereof the existence is indicated by this state of perplexity, there will arise a looking for the Divine mercy.

And if we could conceive of one half of the Divine character rising into view while the other half remains concealed, a case would be made out for the proposition that humanity is able to solve its own perplexity, and find a refuge from its fears in the bosom of a loving Father. But the moral culture which unfolds to us the mercy of God, unfolds also His justice.

Suppose that I fully recognise the infinite mercy that there is in God, must I not recognise something else also that is not mercy? Nay, that is utterly inconsistent with mercy, a perfect holiness, an inexorable righteousness? Can I, with any reasonableness, or security, lay hold upon the great idea of mercy, and ignore the equally vital qualities of holiness and righteousness? And if I fairly and fully admit the righteousness, must it not utterly disqualify any comfort that I derive from the mercy? . . . Just in proportion as I believe in the inviolability of God's righteousness, my hope is disabled.

The difficulty, we are inclined to think, exists in even a stronger degree than that in which Mr. Allon presents it. For if moral culture elevate our moral standard, it will elevate our standard of God's righteousness as well as of man's, and there is no part of morals which the conscience grasps so firmly as that which comes within the operation of the rule of right. Here conscience is inflexible, and the more so when the rule is to be applied against ourselves. To slur over this difficulty, as scepticism is wont to do, is to close our eyes against one of the most obvious of moral facts. But earnest consciences are not to be silenced by artificial theories. No theory of a mercy that over-rides justice can banish a fear which has its origin in the depths of our nature, especially when it is found to increase in proportion with our advancement in virtue. And that it does so is, we repeat, a fact which cannot be gainsayed. As the artist's standard rises with his practical attainment, and is ever in advance of it, so in morals. The more just a man becomes in action, the more severe will become his ideas of justice, whether Divine or human. Thus humanity loses in hope as it gains in virtue, and a gloom gathers over it which only revelation can dispel.

It is only when I am told of Jesus Christ as the great Mediator between the holy God and sinful men, that any light is thrown upon this dark and terrible problem. It is only when He is recognised as having offered for human guilt a great expiatory sacrifice, that I can rejoice in hope. Then I understand how I may be forgiven in consistency with perfect righteousness, how God can be "just and yet the justifier of the ungodly." A provision for my guilt is set before me, in which both my heart and my conscience can rest.

We now reach a further stage in the argument—or rather indicate it, as it is not our intention to do more than point out the way which we would have others to follow. We have spoken of the mental perplexity consequent upon moral progress, and we have referred to the Christian doctrine of atonement as adapted to relieve this perplexity. Could we carry it no further, there is in this adaptation of a revealed remedy to a felt want, strong proof of Christianity's Divine origin. All adaptations lay a basis for induction. If we find light existing, and an eye adapted to see in the light, and objects around us which when illumined the eye perceives, we naturally infer that the whole arrangement has had a common origin, and that He who made the light, made also the eye, and the world on which the eye gazes. So when we find a great human perplexity prevailing in all ages and in all climes, and a religion revealing a remedy, the fair inference is, that He who created the heart and its sorrows provided also the remedy, that the arrangement has had a common origin deep in the bosom of a holy and loving God.

But if we can add another element having the like claims to a common origin, the argument will derive therefrom additional strength; and this we can do in the fact that earnest consciences, in sufficient numbers to exclude factitiousness, as soon as they hear of Christ being the world's atonement, eagerly look up to Him and embrace Him. And still another may be added, more weighty in itself than any. History yields evidence that men have from time to time lived in various parts of the world who, though unenlightened by revelation, have offered animal sacrifices with pure hearts and with a true conception of the Divine idea, which sacrifice significantly symbolizes. The human soul, in its loftier moral aspirations, and impelled by the perplexities of its position, conceives the idea of atonement independent of revelation. To the truth of this fact, of which we have not the smallest doubt, Mr. Allon bears his testimony in words which we quote with more than ordinary gratification. But first, let us premise, that if we take the several facts to which we have just called attention, dealing with them as facts to be tested by observation and experience, and if we place them side by side and examine their adaptation to each other, it is impossible for any candid mind to resist the conclusion that they have a common origin, and that man's moral nature and "the Gospel of our salvation" are alike from God.

It is, says Mr. Allon, "a mistake to say that it is only the Divine nature that requires an atonement; our human nature requires it as much as the Divine. We need much more than to be made safe; we need also to have our sense of what is right satisfied. Our sense of

guilt as well as the principles of the Divine government, demand an atonement. If I could be forgiven without an atonement, if I could be made pure from sin without an atonement, if I could be taken to heaven without an atonement, I should not be morally satisfied.

In these few, well-weighed words, we have the keystone of the arch, the one great truth which gives to the entire argument its strength. Let the moral fact be granted, which is here affirmed—and if not granted, let its existence *as a fact* be tested—let, we say, this one fact be granted, that we cannot have our moral perplexities removed, and be made to feel in our consciences that we are now on friendly terms with Heaven, unless we be first satisfied that the reconciliation stands on righteous grounds; and what follows? Why, this follows:—we cannot get our friendship with God placed on what we feel to be righteous grounds, except by calling the Christian sacrifice in aid, and making that a part of the transaction. For if it be true, as we have all along emphatically contended, that obedience adds to our sense of wrong-doing, instead of removing it, then it is impossible for us to rest our hopes on the basis of our meritorious obedience, and no foundation is left to us other than that to which the Christian conscience, drawn by the power of the Cross, instinctively clings.

There remains only one further stage up to which it would behove an evangelical disputant to carry the discussion. Something ought to be said as to the principle of those higher morals which follow, as effects follow cause, from the soul being admitted into conscious friendship with God. The author of *Ecce Homo* attributes the superior morality of the Christian life to what he calls "the enthusiasm of humanity." But his theory loses sight altogether of the effect which moral culture has in deepening our sense of past sin and present imperfection, and in increasing, instead of lessening, our moral perplexities. The evangelical theory, recognising these facts, transmutes the base metal into gold, and turns the evil into a good; for, in proportion as the education of the conscience adds to our self-abasement, it adds also to the instinctive ardour with which we cling to the Redeemer. Thus our self-distrust, by increasing our Christ-trust, kindles an enthusiasm which we will not call "the enthusiasm of humanity,"—let us call it rather the enthusiastic self-consecration of an otherwise lost spirit to its Divine Deliverer.

It might be justly deemed impertinent, were we needlessly to commend the mode in which the well-practised author of this sermon has performed his allotted task. Yet while offering our

silent homage, we have had some misgiving lest, in fitting his discourse for the popular ear, he may have passed too lightly over portions of it in which lie hid its most original and striking thoughts. Our object in this article has been to dig up those buried gems. It cannot have been Mr. Allon's sole intention to stimulate a solitary audience to increased missionary zeal. He must have had also other views, a wider aim, an ulterior end. And this ulterior end we seek to promote, by commending his argument not to the reading merely, but to the repeated study of the Christian public, especially of the Church's educated youth, as furnishing by far the most philosophic and conclusive answer to the scepticism of the age.

IV.

PLUMPTRE'S TRANSLATION OF "SOPHOCLES;" "MASTER AND SCHOLAR," &c.

WE are reminded by the reception of Mr. Plumptre's *Master and Scholar* of our own neglect in not introducing before now to the notice of our readers his translations of the great master of Greek tragedy; the most perfect and usable, with which we are acquainted, for those English readers who have no knowledge of the great original, or whose knowledge is too slight to enable them to appreciate in it his powers and beauties. We trust in saying this, we are not unjust to previous efforts in this direction. The translators with whom Mr. Plumptre will be put most distinctly into rivalry, are Mr. Potter and Mr. Dale. Mr. Dale, although he has for a quarter of a century or more forsaken the muses, is a poet of considerable sweetness and pathos, and that spirit breathes along his translation; of Potter's genius we know nothing more than that which reveals itself in his translations. We remember the delight with which, more than thirty years since, we read his rugged and grand, but we fancy unliteral-word painting; the translation was made upwards of a century since, and is seldom referred to now. We

*1. *The Tragedies of Sophocles: A New translation, with a Biographical Essay.* By E. H. Plumptre, M.A. 2 vols. Strahan.

2. *Master and Scholar, &c., &c.* By E. H. Plumptre, M.A. Strahan.

have said thus much of these two previous most musical rhythmic translations, because it seems to us unquestionable that if Mr. Plumptre does not wield the occasional lightning-like effects of Potter, or the tenderness of Dale, he combines, as is indispensable for the rendering of Sophocles, the chief charms of both. We have no hesitation therefore in again expressing our conviction that this beautiful edition is also the best medium through which an English reader, or even those partial scholars who drape themselves in degrees, and pass examinations without knowing much of the mind of the classics, may obtain an acquaintance with this great prophet and seer of Athens. And the study of Sophocles is not merely most interesting as a part of the early succession of literature; the acquaintance with his mind, and the method of his thought, his theology and his moral philosophy is most important as unfolding that religious system beneath which the highest of the ancients lived. The kind of—what shall we say?—mournful Pisgah, to which they were able to attain looking over into the land of souls, with shadows, clouds and darkness resting on it. Mr. Plumptre's introductory essay on the life and writings of Sophocles, is most able and sufficient, although, as he says, "writing a biography of the chief dramatic poet of Greece, like the same attempt for the chief dramatic poet of England, is like that of making bricks without straw, so little is known in either case." As to the inward life, it seems to us that we know Sophocles better than Shakespeare, but this may only be because Sophocles was only one man, although highest in his world and walk, while Shakespeare was many men. All readers, even those who know nothing of his dramas, are acquainted with the mighty incident of the attempt made, in his extreme old age by his sons, to accuse him before the Court of imbecility and weakness, chiefly from jealousy of his attachment to his grand-daughter; and how the old man came into the Court leaning upon his grandchild, first from his hermitage and retirement, and read before the judges his hitherto unproduced and unknown *Œdipus Colonus*. The piece, which, to many apprehensions, is still the most wonderful and whose lofty declamation, strokes of wisdom, pathos, and imagery, especially the real descriptions of scenes so well known to the Athenians, and the glorifying of Athenic law, made it especially delightful to Athenic ears, till the whole audience, judges and people, especially in the passage when he pronounced the curse of Polynices, turned their looks of horror and indignation upon his sons, while the indignant old bard glanced his eye round the audience, inquiring, "Is it the composition of a madman?" Mr. Plumptre truly says that the old age of

Sophocles, in its calm serenity and enjoyment of the reverence and admiration of his cotemporaries, has its most distinct parallel in Goethe. There is much in the mental architecture of the man suggesting a parallel, but our translator well reminds us of the superior glory of Sophocles, who seems to have used all the truth he could attain, lovingly embracing it, while in the great modern, with Christian advantages, we behold life only degraded to epicurean selfishness. It is in the calm tread of Sophocles we recognise most distinctly the complaint of heathendom over that which it does not know. He also, "although not the poet from whom Paul quoted, justifies his description of that yearning of the hearts "of wise and holy heathen men after the truth, 'seeking the "Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him,' "assured that 'He is not far from every one of us,' but that "in Him we live, and move, and have our being, as certain "also of your own poets have said, for we are His offspring.' " Over the system of thought, however, as far as we know it, in Sophocles, broods an awful gloom; circumstances and nature are the masters, and man is only the slave. Sophocles struggles to express the fearful consequences of holiness; the tremendous results of violated law; innocence is most pathetically involved in guilt. Œdipus suffers all the lightnings of justice and argument on his devoted head. Œdipus the wise, who could answer the riddle of the Sphynx, could not escape from the toils in which his own life was caught; he has to seem to be the forsaken and the punished of the gods. It seems as if he had done everything guilty; in reality, with his own will, he has done nothing; he is the unconscious victim of fate and necessity; but Sophocles did not see fate and necessity, as atheists and unbelievers see them; the mighty maze was not without a plan; we read, however, very distinctly the perplexities which sat upon the sage's spirit; whether Antigone or Œdipus stir the deeps of passionate grief most, is, perhaps, undecided; in Antigone we have youth, beauty, and noble self-devotion, gliding onward consciously to the living tomb; again, the same perplexities stir the spirit, we meet many of those which have been called heathen complaints; the mind of the writer seems in its study of truth, as St. Basil said, like gazing on the sun in water, in order that we may look up to the true light. Mr. Plumptre, we think very justly says, the work of Sophocles was the task of finding

The mythology of Homer in possession of the mind of the people, to turn it, as far as it could be turned, into an instrument of moral education, and to lead men upwards to the eternal laws of God, and the thought of His righteous order. If, in the language so familiar to the

noblest minds of early Christendom, we may recognise in Greek philosophy an education by which men were prepared for a teaching higher than itself, we may venture to speak of him as one of the greatest among the master minds by whom that education was carried on towards completion. Even he may have become, to those who followed his guidance rightly, a *παιδαγωγὸς εἰς Χριστὸν*.

The study of the theology and philosophy of Sophocles is, however, quite too large to enter upon in the few lines we can devote to this paper; not uninteresting, however, but how much the reverse, it might be to read *Œdipus* by the side of *Job*; both developing human nature, subject to dark and inscrutable providence—and to mark the different effects of the two partial revelations on the minds of the sufferers—it is such thoughts as these which suggest the interest attaching to a close study of the great ancient. Sophocles was an eminent moralist, and this remark brings us to the art in which he developed the body of his doctrine; we believe it was Lord Jeffrey who ridiculed so unsparingly the chorus of the Greek stage; that department of the art on which most translators have attempted to expand all their power, and in which we certainly think Mr. Plumptre is very successful. There does seem something clumsy in the expedient; it was, perhaps, the necessary correspondent, and complement of the, to us, absurd, to them, indispensable, unities. Lord Jeffrey speaks of the chorus in words which so humorously, but so utterly unjustly, describe this phenomenon of the Greek stage, that we will quote it:—

But the great and leading characteristic of the Greek stage is the introduction and use of the Chorus. On this subject much learning has been expended, and, as the object of learned men usually is to discover merit in what is ancient, and faults in what is modern, we need hardly add, to point out its beauties and excellencies. But, in the face of all these commendations, we do not hesitate to pronounce it the most notable discovery for the interruption of all action, the extinction of all passion, and the introduction of the most relentless, hard-hearted, mortal prosing, that ever was made in any age or country. The laudable readiness of the Chorus to inculcate maxims of morality and virtue has been much insisted on. But to what does this amount? Their "wise saws and modern instances" really appear to us upon a level, for the most part, with the moralizations of a grave undertaker, or the elevations of a parish clerk. If it be true, that the tendency of the human countenance is "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and to weep with them that weep,"—

Ut ridentibus arident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus,—

then is the whole scheme, in principle and practice, utterly out of nature. Has the poet exerted himself to the utmost to produce intense excitement and sympathy, by the vehement and unmeasured lamentations of the sufferer himself, or by a highly-coloured and exaggerated description of his woful case?—forth come the Chorus, composed of human beings, of countrymen and friends, and select that as a fit season to read a lecture of *morality*, in some such strain as the following:—"Alack and well-a-day! poor human nature! thou art subject to sore evils!" Or, "This man, indeed, seems to be in a bad case, *belike!*"—*ὁς εἶουκε!*" Or, more probably still, "Well! for our parts, we will never after this venture to pronounce any mortal safe from the danger of a reverse of fortune, until we see him fairly nailed down in his coffin!" and then, at the next turn, as if the solidity of these observations had given him a title to indulge in excesses of an opposite description, they, not unfrequently, break out into a strain of high-flown, far-fetched, and unconnected rhapsody and bombast, to extract something like sense or meaning from which, has perplexed and puzzled many a pedant, and to arrange it in its due order and correspondence of strophe and antistrophe, &c., has troubled as many more.*

This is very humorous, but very unrighteous, as we have said. Some of the passages satirized by Lord Jeffrey are well-known to our readers, especially the following, so rendered by Mr. Plumptre, which we might almost conceive to be the original of Hamlet's similar soliloquy—"what a piece of work is 'man;' if we did not feel that the meditation is not the property of this or that dramatist, but of man himself. It is from the *Antigone*, and represents a very fair illustration of the rhythmic flexibility and success of Mr. Plumptre's verse:—

STROPH. I. : : : :

Chor. Many the forms of life,
Fearful and strange to see,
But man supreme stands out,
For strangeness and for fear.
He, with the wintry gales,
O'er the foam-crested sea,
'Mid billows surging round,
Tracketh his way across.
Earth, of all Gods, from ancient days, the first
Mightiest and undecayed.
He, with his circling plough,
Wears ever year by year.

ANTISTROPH. I.

The thoughtless tribe of birds,
The beasts that roam the fields,
The finny brood of ocean's depths,

* *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. xlvii. pp. 425, 426.

He takes them all in nets of knotted mesh
 Man, wonderful in skill
 And by his arts he holds in sway,
 The wild beasts on the mountain's height;
 And brings the neck-encircling yoke
 On horse with shaggy mane.
 Or bull that walks untamed upon the hills.

STROPH. II.

And speech, and thought as swift as wind,
 And tempered mood for higher life of states,
 These he has learnt, and how to flee
 The stormy sleet of frost unkind,
 The tempest thunderbolts of Zeus.
 So all-preparing, unprepared
 He meeteth nought the coming days may bring;
 Only from Hades, still
 He fails to find a refuge at the last,
 Though skill of art may teach him to escape
 From depths of fell disease incurable.

ANTISTROPH. II.

So, gifted with a wondrous might,
 Above all fancy's dreams, with skill to plan,
 Now unto evil, now to good,
 He wends his way. Now holding fast the laws,
 His country's sacred rights,
 That rest upon the oath of Gods on high,
 High in the state he stands.
 An outlaw and an exile he who loves
 The thing that is not good,
 In wilful pride of soul:
 Ne'er may he sit beside my hearth,
 Ne'er may my thoughts be like to his,
 Who worketh deeds like this.

Another test passage in Sophocles, which, like the famous moonlight scene of Homer, has taxed the melody of many a pen, is the description of Colonus, the birthplace of Sophocles himself, a little village in the suburbs of Athens, and which will instantly occur to every reader in connection with some of Byron's sweetest verses, which seem to have received some of the glory of the tragedian's famous Chorus:—

Fair clime! where every season smiles
 Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
 Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
 Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
 And lend to loneliness delight.
 There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
 Reflects the tints of many a peak
 Caught by the laughing tides that lave
 These Edens of the eastern wave.

The following is Mr. Plumptre's rendering of the rich description :—

STROPH. I.

Chor. Of all the land that counts the horse its pride,
Thou com'st, O stranger, to the noblest spot,
Colonus, glistening bright.
Where evermore, in thickets freshly green,
The clear-voiced nightingale
Still loves to haunt, and pour her plaintive song,
By purpling ivy hid,
Or the thick leafage sacred to the Gods,
By mortal's foot untouched,
By sun and winds unscathed.
There wanders Dionysos wild and free,
Still following with the train of Goddess-nymphs,
Protectors of his youth.

ANTISTROPH. I.

And there, beneath the gentle dews of heaven,
The fair narcissus with its clustered bells
Blooms ever, day by day,
Time-honoured wreath of mighty Goddesses ;
And the bright crocus with its leaf of gold.
And still unslumbering flow
Kephisus' wandering streams ;
They fail not from their spring,
But ever, swiftly rushing into birth,
Over the plain they sweep,
Over the fertile earth,
With clear and crystal wave :
Nor do the Muses in their minstrel choirs,
Hold it in slight esteem,
Nor Aphrodite with her golden reins.

STROPH. II.

And in it grows a marvel such as ne'er
On Asia's soil was told,
Nor in that Dorian isle that Pelops owns,
A plant self-sown, by mortal hand untouched,
Terror of hostile swords,
Which on this spot its high perfection gains,
The gray-green foliage of the olive grove.
And never more shall rude invader come,
Or young or old, to give the fierce command,
And lay it low in dust.
For on it the all-seeing eye of Zeus,
Zeus of our olive groves,
Shall cast its glance for aye ;
And she, Athene, with the clear, gray eyes.

ANTISTROPH. II. :

And yet another praise is mine to sing
To this our mother city, as the gift

Of the great God supreme,
 Its greatest, noblest boast ;—
 Famed in its goodly steeds,
 Famed in its bounding colts,
 Famed in its sparkling sea :
 Poseidon, son of Kronos, Lord and King,
 To Thee this boast we owe,
 For first in these our plains
 Thou to the untamed horse
 Didst use the conquering bit.
 And here the well-shaped oar,
 By skilled hands deftly plied,
 Still follows, as it goes,
 The dancing Nereids with their hundred feet.
Antig. O land, whose praise excels all other lands,
 The time is come to prove these praises true.

We have very inadequately described the claim these volumes have to be placed on the shelves of the library ; they will no doubt be often referred to by those readers who desire to make the acquaintance of the great Attic master in English dress ; or those who desire to see the form in which a competent scholar sets forth words and thoughts of such elevating and subduing power.

The poems of Mr. Plumptre are especially poems of the library ; they are all more or less tinctured with scholarship and varied reading. The first of them, *Master and Scholar*, is most evidently dictated from the strong impression of Browning's *Paracelsus* ; it has not only the stamp of a similar subject. Roger Bacon, in it and takes the place of Paracelsus, but it has also something—even much of Mr. Browning's manner. Few minds are not repressed in their fervour and power by the knowledge given by books. Books impart knowledge, and information, of the intellectual kind, elegance and taste ; and this is the character of Mr. Plumptre's poetry ; it is without doubt beautiful, and always correct in taste and metre, and we read it with great pleasure, and we are instructed by it, but it was not as a poet that Mr. Plumptre was pre-eminently called to fulfil his work. He sees things with a poet's eyes and composes his subjects into lovely and graceful groupings. It must be a pleasure to him to write, what, we thankfully acknowledge, it is a pleasure to us to read ; nor ought we to suppose that no verse should be written, unless it reach the standard of the Brownings, or Tennyson, or even of Arthur Clough, or Jean Ingelow. There are pictures in our galleries not from the pencils of any of our great masters, and yet the gallery would be poorer by much without them. It is in this way we read many of the poems of Mr. Plumptre ; he has an eminent man-

ner of penetrating the pith of a biblical story, and bringing the two-fold power of an interpreting scholarship and imagination to bear upon it. Thus, in his previous volume, he told the story of Barabbas; and Lazarus; and especially the thought of a Galatian convert. Mr. Plumptre is a pleasing poet, but he always colours his poetry with his knowledge and his criticism. So, also in this volume, *Miriam of Magdala* looks altogether a different person to that which certainly produced in our own ignorance or thoughtlessness has produced in our own minds as Mary Magdalene. In the same manner, he seizes the hint of *Claudia and Pudens*, and makes it the ground-work of a graceful tale of early Christianity. It is impossible for him, like all scholarly natures, to resist the impression of a stronger genius, as the *Master and Scholar* is the echo of Paracelsus; so *A Plaster Cast from Pompeii*, is the echo, even to the tone of the metre, of Longfellow's *Skeleton in Armour*. We must say that we admire the high, Christian, and intelligent catholicity of Mr. Plumptre's spirit; that which the *Record* calls his "blasphemy," is very noble and beautiful truth to us; whether he would look with as much tenderness upon troublesome Nonconformists, as upon the succession of holy heathen, whom he believes to have been *not without a witness*. We do not know; we will charitably hope so. His poem of *The Queen of the South*; the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon, is very pleasing; she recites on her return, in the second part, her progress, and the answers returned to her questions by the great Solomon; the description of her progress through the East, to the king.

Our ships went forth from Sheba's ports,
They sailed up Edom's sea,
We passed the shores where Joktan's sons
Roam wild, and fierce, and free;
Where Elath's harbour opens wide,
And then, in stately march,
Where Bozrah's rocks are crowned with towers,
And spanned by loftiest arch.

We looked upon the accursed sea,
We breathed its sulphurous breath,
Where bleaching bones, and scurf of salt,
Speak evermore of death;
We crossed, where stately Jordan flows
By many a grove of palm,
Where fragrant winds from Gilead bring
Their gentle airs of balm.

Then up the vale whose rocks o'erhang
The the path of winter stream,
Until at last on wistful eyes
The towers of Zion gleam;

Where olives gray and hoar grow thick,
 We saw the vision bright;
 The golden city, Home of Peace,
 Burst full upon our sight.

Her questions and his answers:—

I asked, "O king, the nations bow
 To Gods on many a throne,
 And many a name with song and dance
 As King and Lord they own;
 But which of all shall we adore
 As giving life and light,
 What name may best His favour win,
 The Lord of boundless might?"

He answered, "Lo! the Lord is One,
 Above the heaven He dwells,
 And day to night His power declares,
 And night to morning tells;
 Give Him thy heart: in truth and love
 Do thou His righteous will,
 And He, thy Father, Lord of all,
 Shall all thy wish fulfil!

I asked, "O king the skies are drear
 We wage a fruitless strife;
 The heart is faint, the hands hang down,
 We weary of our life;
 We toil in vain for wealth and fame,
 We gather and we waste;
 Yet fail to find the bread of life,
 The food the angels taste."

And he, "Who walks in light and truth,
 Shall find the fount of joy,
 The peace which nought on earth can give,
 No power of man destroy;
 The child-like heart, the fear of God,
 Is truest wisdom found;
 And joy and goodness circle still
 In one unbroken round."

I asked, "O king! the ways of God,
 They baffle and perplex;
 The evil prosper, nothing comes
 Their full-fed souls to vex;
 The righteous perish, crushed and scorned;
 Their life in darkness ends;
 Is this the order and the truth
 Unerring counsel sends?"

He answered, "Lo, thou see'st as yet
 The outskirts of His rule;
 He trains the child, he forms the man
 In suffering's varied school;

Dire forms of evil hover still
Around the proud's success,
And thoughts of trust, and hope, and peace
The righteous mourner bless."

I asked, "Yet once again, O king,
This life, can it be all?
We toil and strive our little day,
And then the shadows fall;
Have we no goal to reach at last?
Has this wild sea no shore?
Has God no home where wearied souls
May rest for evermore?"

And he, "The things behind the veil
No mortal yet hath known;
On that far land the shadows rest
That shroud the Eternal Throne;
Yet this we know, in life or death,
His presence still is there;
And where that brightness fills the soul,
Is joy beyond compare."

So communed I, and every word
Went straight to heart and soul,
Dim thoughts made clear, and random will
Now striving for the goal;
I drank deep draughts of that clear fount,
The well of life and truth,
As one new-born I went my way
In gladness, as of youth.

And now the past is past; again
On Sheba's coasts I dwell,
And never more my feet shall tread
Where Jordan's flood-streams swell;
Yet still the days that then I knew
Are worth long years to me,
And in the visions of the night
That princely form I see.

That voice makes music in mine ear,
And echoes in mine heart,
And thoughts steal in, with subtle power,
And wonder-working art;
Of all that God has given of great,
Or true, or pure, or fair,
The son of David stands supreme,
And reigns unrivalled there.

In the last verse, when the intelligence of Solomon's fall reached the Queen, surely, in the singular anachronism, Mr. Plumptre's memory and genius deserted him. Mr. Plumptre has the power of making words produce the impression of feelings; his poem, *The River*, an oft-recited subject, is of this kind.

There, in its golden bloom,
The cowslip breathes perfume,
Gray willows twist their branches hoar and brown ;
Their sails in order meet
The ducklings' velvet fleet,
Or cygnet's argosy of golden down.

Past pleasant village-spire,
Past cheerful cottage fire,
In tranquil course flows on the nobler stream,
Spanned in its statelier march
By many a moss-grown arch,
Through which the sparkling ripples glance and gleam.

Now on its bosom float
White sails of fisher's boat,
Young swimmers stem the current swift and strong ;
Clear through the silent air
Ring voices free from care,
Youth's laughing shout and maiden's joyous song.

Onward past ancient halls,
Onward past castle-walls,
Each with wild legends of an earlier time,—
Stories of red-cross knight,
True to the death in fight,
Lay of true love, or darker tale of crime.

And now, on either side,
Rise, in exulting pride,
A city's turrets, palaces of state ;
The Minster's glorious tower
Looks down on hall and bower,
On fortress, market, churches, quay, and gate.

Broad sweeps the mightier flood,
Where once a forest stood,
Now all waste marish, fen, and reed-grown shore ;
And far on either hand
We see the distant sand,
And hear the sea's loud murmurs evermore.

Tall ships at anchor ride,
Their country's joy and pride,
And bring from East and West their priceless freight ;
All store of Nature's gifts
On that broad current drifts
The decks are laden with the glorious weight.

Then flowing far and free
Into the boundless sea,
The yellow waters stain the crystal blue ;
At last its course is done,
And lo ! the westering sun
Floods sea and river with one roscate hue.

Certainly it is not possible to be in the company of Mr. Plumptre through his books, without being informed by his information, and bettered by the purity and delicacy of his subjects and his verse.

OUR BOOK CLUB.

ARNE; *a Sketch of Norwegian Country Life: By Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Translated from the Norwegian by Augusta Plesner and S. Rugeley-Powers: (Strahan).*—is the title of a remarkable piece of Norwegian word painting, by an author we must confess to be quite unknown to us, who is as yet young in life, although it would seem advanced in authorship; the son of a clergyman, born in 1832, at Krikne, a lonely parish on the Dovre Fjeld. When young, he is said to have been so far from any remarkable mental development, as rather to be considered stupid; a mere rough Norwegian boy, his translators speak of him now, in their introduction, as seeming to give hopes of being “even the greatest of all authors;” partiality and enthusiasm may always merit forgiveness, and especially in connection with such a writer, of whom we have to remember that we know nothing in his own language, nor anything indeed beyond the remarkable piece before us. The Swedish and Norwegian writers seem not unnaturally to constitute a school whose characteristics have one individuality; Norwegian and Swedish paintings, too, have the same one individualizing stamp and manner. This writers revives the same impressive pictures, pathetic household scenes, and passionate and human aspects of nature, with which we are so familiar in the pages of Fredrika Bremer. At the same time, the freedom of his genius, its glow and fervour, also its deep emotional pathos, are in a very marked manner entirely his own. *Arne* is probably the projected shadow of his own early scenes and impressions, it is a fine painting of the lonely life of the retired farms and “fjords” of his glorious country, the loving and the suffering, the fun and the merriment, the furniture of the household room, and the farm are made very graphic; there runs along through all the words of the story, that deep, subdued and subduing mirror which is the charm of all great art, and the secret of all true power; the book has nothing loud or officious; no overtasked sensations; there is nothing singular about it, but its sweet, pathetic,

natural simplicity. The story is no story, it charms in the telling. We go along with the author to the end, but every life that was ever lived could certainly produce just as a one; a deceived girl becoming an illused, patient wife; a self-sacrificing mother; a little lad, rather taking a merry, but a miscreant father's part against a broken-hearted mother, till years taught him how to know her, and love her; how the youth, in lonely places, grew up with reserves of the great nature around him, made a part of himself; how the maiden grew up in reserve differently, shrinking, but seeking, veiled, but sensitive; how a mother can begin a courtship for a son dearly loved, and how through simple trials young ones unite a new life together in an old home; these things are certainly not new nor strange in plot or story. It is very like Wordsworth's Ballads; the human incident is there, but it is little and trifling, compared with the feelings it is intended to reveal, the unfolding of the passions; the insight into character. The author is in a higher sense than can be generally claimed even for the more distinguished novelists, a poet; nature is to his eye beheld through other and more imaginative aspects and colours; glooms and glories than his own; woods and forests become to his mind, with all their vestments of time, seasons, and change the woof and weft of higher, and yet more real, powers. Here is a piece which is perhaps all his own, though some such a vision as Hans Andersen might have had:—

HOW THE CLIFF WAS CLAD.

Between two cliffs lay a deep ravine, with a full stream rolling heavily through it over boulders and rough ground. It was high and steep, and one side was bare, save at the foot, where clustered a thick, fresh wood, so close to the stream that the mist from the water lay upon the foilage in spring and autumn. The trees stood looking upwards and forwards, unable to move either way.

"What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper one day to the foreign Oak that stood next him. The Oak looked down to find out who was speaking, and then looked up again without answering a word. The Stream worked so hard that it grew white; the Northwind rushed through the ravine, and shrieked in the fissures; and the bare Cliff hung heavily over and felt cold. "What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper to the Fir on the other side. "Well, if anybody is to do it, I suppose we must," replied the Fir, stroking his beard; "what dost thou think?" he added, looking over to the Birch. "In God's name, let us clothe it," answered the Birch, glancing timidly towards the Cliff, which hung over her so heavily that she felt as if she could scarcely breathe. And thus, although they were but three, they agreed to clothe the Cliff. The Juniper went first.

When they had gone a little way they met the Heather. The Juniper seemed as though he meant to pass her by. "Nay, let us take the Heather with us," said the Fir. So on went the Heather. Soon the Juniper began to slip. "Lay hold on me," said the Heather. The Juniper did so, and where there was only a little crevice the Heather put in one finger, and where she had got in one finger the Juniper put in his whole hand. They crawled and climbed, the Fir heavily behind with the Birch. "It is a work of charity," said the Birch.

But the Cliff began to ponder what little things these could be that came clambering up it. And when it had thought over this a few hundred years, it sent down a little Brook to see about it. It was just spring flood, and the Brook rushed on till she met the Heather: "Dear, dear Heather, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook. The Heather, being very busy, only raised herself a little, and worked on. The Brook slipped under her and ran onwards. "Dear, dear Juniper, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook. The Juniper glanced sharply at her; but as the Heather had let her pass, he thought he might do so as well. The Brook slipped under him, and ran on till she came where the Fir stood panting on a crag. "Dear, dear Fir, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," the Brook said, fondly kissing the Fir on his foot. The Fir felt bashful and let her pass. But the Birch made way before the Brook asked. "He, he, he," laughed the Brook, as she grew larger.

Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Brook again, pushing Heather and Juniper, Fir and Birch, forwards and backwards, up and down on the great crags. The Cliff sat for many hundred years after, pondering whether it did not smile a little that day.

It was clear the Cliff did not wish to be clad. The Heather felt so vexed that she turned green again, and then she went on: "Never mind; take courage!" said the Heather.

The Juniper sat up to look at the Heather, and at last he rose to his feet. He scratched his head a moment, and then he too went on again, and clutched so firmly, that he thought the Cliff could not help feeling it. "If thou wilt not take me, then I will take thee," said he. The Fir bent his toes a little to feel if they were whole, lifted one foot, which he found all right, then the other, which was all right too, and then both feet. He first examined the path he had come, then where he had been lying, and at last where he had to go. Then he strode onwards, just as though he had never fallen. The Birch had been splashed very badly, but now she got up and made herself tidy. And so they went rapidly on, upwards and sideways, in sunshine and rain. "But what in the world is all this?" said the Cliff, when the summer sun shone, the dew-drops glittered, the birds sang, the wood-mouse squeaked, the hare bounded, and the weasel hid and screamed among the trees.

Then the day came when the Heather could peep over the Cliff's edge. "Oh dear me!" said she, and over she went. "What is it the Heather sees, dear?" said the Juniper, and came forward till he,

too, could peep over. "Dear me!" he cried, and over he went. "What's the matter with the Juniper to-day?" said the Fir, taking long strides in the hot sun. Soon he, too, by standing on tiptoes could peep over. "Ah!"—every branch and prickle stood on end with astonishment. He strode onwards, and over he went. What is it they all see, and not I?" said the Birch, lifting up her skirts, and tripping after. "Ah!" said she, putting her head over, "there is a whole forest, both of Fir and Heather, and Juniper and Birch, waiting for us on the plain;" and her leaves trembled in sunshine till the dew-drops fell. "This comes of reaching forwards," said the Juniper.

Arne is a fine, and, indeed, noble creation; some such being, perhaps as Wordsworth's "Matthew," or "Michael;" a little more reserved. Born and reared amidst the immense mountains, and clear lonely tarns, and able, perhaps, to believe in the supernatural *Huiletre* dwellings amidst the forest and mountains there. Quite a clairvoyant, spiritual nature, hearing voices, and seeing visions, and singing the dearest, freshest little bits of wild melody, and yet apparently keeping along the practical side of life, and farming his folds and fields; those songs of his, will, we hope, find their way to music; we must suppose the translation to be most effective. Here is one; said Eli to him:—

"Sing a song to me . . . one that you've made yourself." "I have none," he said; for it was not his custom to confess he had himself composed the songs he sang. "I am sure you have; and I'm sure, too, you'll sing one of them when I ask you."—When he had never done for any one else, he now did for her, as he sang the following song,—

"The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown:
'Shall I take them away?' said the Frost, sweeping down.
'No; leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,'
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

"The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung:
'Shall I take them away?' said the Wind, as he swung.
'No; leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,'
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

"The Tree bore his fruit in the Midsummer glow:
Said the girl, 'May I gather thy berries or no?'
'Yes; all thou canst see;
Take them; all are for thee,'
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden bough low."

We fear to quote too much, but one other song, we would set before our readers.

"What shall I see if I ever go
Over the mountains high?

Now, I can see but the peaks of snow,
Crowning the cliffs where the pine-trees grow,
Waiting and longing to rise
Nearer the beckoning skies.

"Th' eagle is rising afar away
Over the mountains high,
Rowing along in the radiant day
With mighty strokes to his distant prey,
Where he will, swooping downwards,
Where he will, sailing onwards.

"Apple-tree, longest thou not to go
Over the mountains high?
Gladly thou growest in summer's glow,
Patiently waitest through winter's snow:
Though birds on thy branches swing,
Thou knowest not what they sing.

"He who has twenty years longed to flee
Over the mountains high—
He who beyond them, never will see,
Smaller, and smaller, each year must be :
He hears what the birds say
While on thy boughs they play.

"Birds with your chattering, why did ye come
Over the mountains high?
Beyond, in a sunnier land, ye could roam,
And nearer to heaven could build your home;
Why have ye come to bring
Longing, without your wing?

"Shall I, then, never, never flee
Over the mountains high?
Rocky walls, will ye always be?
Prisons until ye are tombs for me?—
Until I lie at your feet
Wrapped in my winding-sheet?

"Away! I will away, far away,
Over the mountains high!
Here, I am sinking lower each day,
Though my Spirit has chosen the loftiest way:
Let her in freedom fly:
Not, beat on the walls and die!

"Once, I know, I shall journey far
Over the mountains high.
Lord, is thy door already ajar?—
Dear is the home where thy saved ones are;—
But bar it awhile from me,
And help me to long for Thee."

We hope we shall have more translation from the pen of this delightful writer; a volume like that before us has the rounded perfectness, and completeness of that finished art which results from the freedom of highest genius; it is only too brief, but certainly, of the many charming books belonging to this literature, this is the most lovely Norwegian idyl we have read.

A SUBJECT, not often treated, is the *Prophet Jonah, His character and Mission to Nineveh. By the Rev. Hugh Martin, M.A. (Strahan.)*—Mr. Martin has availed himself of all the best information about Jonah, and of the most helpful criticism; and he has produced a book which combines in its instructiveness the old story, read beneath the lights and illustrations of the New Testament. He supposes that some persons will be likely to find fault with him for taking Jonah's part too much; he certainly gives the prophet the benefit of a charity which has not been usually extended to him, but of which he really seems worthy; he speaks of his wonderful prayer in the depths, his perfect candour with the mariners, his magnanimity in prescribing his own death as the means of their deliverance; and his candour before God; this shows to our readers that Mr. Martin approaches his subject with a free, fresh spirit; the book fills a niche not over-crowded, and deals with the subject in such a manner that the reader is really interested in the attempt to open manifold lessons arising from the historical development of the character and the book, or the peculiarities of circumstance and experience. We have pleasure in giving to it, if a brief, nevertheless, a very hearty good word, and hope for its circulation and usefulness.

WE receive too late in the month to give more than a brief notice, to *Letters on the Social and Political Condition of the Principality of Wales, by Henry Richard. (Jackson, Walford and Hodder)*—But small as the book is, we are desirous, at once, to call attention to it. The letters appeared in May last, in the *Morning Star*. We know of no one more able to deal with this subject than Mr. Richard; we are glad to notice the enthusiasm with which they have been greeted in the principality, while they have been reprinted *in extenso* in several newspapers in Wales; and the author has received very many votes of thanks embodied in resolutions from various Welsh towns and counties. We could wish that his well-practised and eloquent pen would work upon even a larger design. We do still want a good popular book on Wales, a most beautiful and interesting country, inhabited by a most interesting and well-ordered people;

a people constantly subjected to malignant attacks of those high-Church partisans, who find in Wales, our true British Switzerland, invulnerable to the assaults of Ritualism and Romanism. No portion of the British Empire has been so ungraciously neglected, remembering the peaceful and undisturbed character of its community; no portion of the empire has been so badly treated, for Wales, England may be said to have done nothing. She gives a title to the second royal person in the nation, but she is quite unfamiliar with the light of royal smiles. The beauty of her scenery, the wild romantic loveliness of her mountains and valleys, has been heard of probably by some few persons in England. It is the nook of the British empire where probably there is the largest amount of religious knowledge, and the fewest drawbacks, and bad compensations for it. Few of those who are acquainted with the wild airs of Scotland, or Ireland, know anything of the sweet and stirring Welsh melodies; while Wales has a world of tried tradition and history, and legend, more is known of myth and story of every corner of the earth than of it. We should regret this. We wish much that some popular, but not too compressed, a book could be given to us, embodying the treasures of its lore and language, its history and scenery, its proverb and parable; he who should do this work well, would produce volumes, no whit inferior in interest to any with which we are acquainted. But all this is beside the mark of Mr. Richard's book. Church-of-Englandism is at its old tricks of persecution in the principality, Mr. Richard says,

It is, if I remember aright, scarcely more than ten years ago since a lady, possessed of a considerable estate in the neighbourhood of Aberystwith, acting notoriously under clerical instigation, served notice upon her tenants, nearly all of whom were Dissenters, that they must either quit their houses and farms or turn Churchmen. And this decree was ruthlessly carried out. Those who refused obedience, though some of them were old people who had occupied their holdings all their lives, and were honoured by the whole neighbourhood for their simple piety and blameless character, were ejected without mercy, while those who succumbed to the menace did so at such a sacrifice of self-respect and reputation as to make them far greater objects of pity than the others who preferred conscience to interest, though they had to suffer so severely for the preference.

Yet the well-known Rev. William Howells, clergyman of Long Acre, whose funeral sermon is one of the most splendid orations of the Rev. Canon Melville, once said, "That but for the Methodists and the Dissenters, the devil might, long ere

"this, have claimed the Principality as his own special diocese." "The *Press*," a weekly journal for the 10th of March last, in the following passage, traduced the Nonconformity of Wales. Wales, is in fact a kingdom of Nonconformists. Speaking of the chapels, the libeller says—

Many of these buildings, it is well known, are built by the employers of labour in the various crowded localities and mining districts of Wales, or are held in mortgage by them for sums advanced for their construction; and consequently pains and penalties in many instances await those who refuse to frequent or encourage these chapels. Like the tally-shops, so long the curse of the manufacturing districts, these edifices are the properties of the masters, and a secret but sure tyranny is frequently exercised in promoting their support. There is another phase of the question suggested by these statistics worthy of the consideration of Mr. Bright. Let it be granted, to the fullest extent of his statement, that 75 per cent. of the population of Wales is placed for spiritual purposes under dissent. Then a fair argument arises that the fruits of the system are reflected in the character of the Welsh population. But is not the principality notoriously inferior in morality? Are not infanticide, illegitimate births, and affiliation cases in excess of the average of any other portion of the United Kingdom?

Here is a decent thing for an English pen to write; false in its first statement, for in general the masters of Wales, especially the landlords, care nothing about the spiritual, or for that matter, the temporal, condition of Wales, and as Mr. Richard's says, "would as soon think of building a Dissenting chapel as "a synagogue of Satan." Mr. Richard flogs Mr. *Press* energetically. Thus he rejoins to the charge of immorality of Wales:

On the other point—the alleged immorality of the people of Wales—I accept the challenge of this writer. And, first of all, I will deal with the question of crime in the Principality. I have the "Judicial Statistics" of 1864 before me, from which I learn that the whole number of persons committed in England during that year was 122,589, or 1 to every 155 of the population. The number committed in Wales was 4,417, or 1 to every 252 of the population. But then, of the 4,417 committed in Wales there were:—

Natives of England	1,006
„ Ireland	846
„ Scotland	8
„ The Colonies and East Indies . . .	135
„ Persons whose birthplace was unknown	29
	<hr/>
	2,094

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Still more remarkable is the result when we come to look to the

number of persons committed for trial on some of the more serious order of offences. Thus, those committed on a charge of murder were—in England, 67, or 1 to every 282,902 of the population; in Wales, 3, or 1 to every 370,902. Those committed on the charge of attempts at murder were—in England, 34; in Wales none. Those committed on the charge of manslaughter were—in England, 217, or 1 to every 87,347 of the population; in Wales, 6, or 1 to every 186,963.

Minute inquiry leads to such results as the following:—

MONTGOMERYSHIRE.—Setting fire to a stack, Henry Johnson (an Englishman); stealing a pair of boots, William Griffith; obtaining goods under false pretences, Edward Beedle (an Englishman); forgery, Henry Johnson (an Englishman).

And so on, through other counties. In Anglesea, Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn had no prisoners to try, and receiving from the Sheriff a pair of white gloves, returned thanks, and said, “they were all aware, and rejoiced in the purity of the morals of the people of this country.” So also Mr. Justice Shee addressed the grand jury at Cardiff.

“I am happy to be the bearer of the Queen’s commission to this prosperous and well-ordered country, and I thank you for your numerous attendance. I have now been in the discharge of the duty of my office for two years in the Principality; and as yet, though I have visited three counties, only six persons have been convicted before me, so that if my experience were to go no further I should be in the condition to say that the inhabitants of the Principality of Wales set a most excellent example to the rest of her Majesty’s subjects.”

And while I am writing this, a Welsh paper comes to hand stating that Mr. Justice Blackburn has just held the spring assizes at Cardigan. In charging the grand jury, he said:—

“At this assize I may almost congratulate you upon having nothing to do. It is, in fact, the case, that the county itself has furnished no business for these assizes.”

There was only one case to be tried—that of two English tramps for stealing from a dwelling-house, who were sentenced to eight months’ imprisonment. I hope these testimonies of her Majesty’s judges will be of some account in the estimation of the *Press*.

It is to the faith and practice of Nonconformity this moral prosperity is chiefly owing, the Church of England has done little or nothing for Wales. We question whether any where else could be found nobler triumphs of Nonconformity than among this poor and despised, but, on the whole, we believe, happy people, who, while the revenues of the Established Church amount to about £327,679 per annum, raise among themselves about £300,000 per year for actual working religious purposes.

Some years have now passed since we found ourselves, one Sabbath morning, in the city of St. Davids, the little collection of streets and houses as we remember it to have been then. We did not worship in the Cathedral, but we had the opportunity of looking within its walls, where the attempt was making to exhibit the full show of Ritualism, with no audience. The scream of the sea-gull whirling its flight over the old towers being as effective for that purpose as the peal of the organ, or the voices of the choir, while every chapel, and there are several, was filled by attentive worshippers. But education is rapidly spreading in Wales, we ought not to say we fear the language is dissolving, for assuredly that wonderful fossil of speech will have to be broken up, or by intercommunion with others, worn characterless, before Wales can be opened to all the advantages of modern social improvement. If social improvement that may be which would convert the loveliness of Cardigan into the shapeless desolation of Merthyr or Dowlais. As the progress takes place the tenant will assert more his right and independence. This growing phenomenon seems to have given origin to Mr. Richard's book; he proposes a question, which might be proposed in every village in England. He says,

Can any one explain what there is in the relation between a tenant farmer and his landlord so essentially different from the hundred other forms of commercial relation existing between men in civil society, as to entitle the latter, in addition to receiving his legal dues from the former, to claim the right, moreover, of holding his will and conscience in pawn? To ordinary observers it looks like a mutually beneficial arrangement under which, on well-defined terms, the one lets and the other hires a certain piece of land, because each deems it his interest so to do. Whence, then, comes the notion that, besides properly cultivating the soil, and punctually paying his rent, and duly fulfilling all the other conditions of his contract, the tenant is under an obligation, whenever required so to do, to sell his soul to the devil, by belying his own most solemn convictions on matters, it may be, of vital moment to the state, in order to subserve the political interests, or, more frequently, the mere prejudices or caprices of his landlord? And why should such an obligation, if it exist, be assumed always to lie on one side? I suppose that if a farmer were to say to a landed proprietor whose land he rents, "I hire this farm of you, I bestow upon it good husbandry, I pay you a liberal rent for it, and I expect that at the coming election you will vote for the man whom I shall choose to recommend to you"—it would be regarded either as an impertinent jest or a piece of audacious and insufferable arrogance. But why should the converse of this be less an impertinence, or less a piece of insufferable arrogance?

And he continues this landlord right.

It is claimed by men who are neither respected nor beloved, whom their tenants know in no other capacity than as rent-receivers and game-preservers; and it is exercised, not by means of superior intelligence, kindly persuasion and weight of character, but by means of mere brute menace, terror, and coercion. I am afraid many of the Welsh gentry are very bigoted believers in this sort of divine right of landlordism as respects political matters. And this is the more unreasonable on their part as they have in most other respects left the people to shift pretty much for themselves. Almost everything that has been done in past times for the improvement and elevation of society in Wales has been done by the people, through their own exertions, and from their own resources, with very little help from the upper classes. I say this with no unfriendly animus to the latter; I state it as a simple historical fact.

Briefly, Mr. Richard has written a little book, not less interesting, than invaluable, upon Wales; it is of sufficient worth, importance, and interest to have furnished material for a very lengthy paper, but for this our space is quite insufficient, and the book will not cost much to purchase, neither will it take long time to read. In it, the state of matters in Wales, is put so concisely and clearly, that every statesman should know the book well, and all who desire to be acquainted with the moral and political condition of a corner of the nation of which little is known, should purchase and read it.

A USEFULLY readable book is *Vignettes' Twelve Biographical Sketches*, By Bessie Rayner Parkes, Author of *Essays on Woman's Work*.—(Alexander Strahan.)—The vignettes are all of women, and the names of some are new to us, like that of Madame Luce, an earnest Frenchwoman, who laboured to promote education in Algiers, through many difficulties and scanty sympathy. We are glad to see a sketch of the life of La Sœur Rosalie, of Paris, a beautiful woman, tender and strong; some of the twelve seem scarcely of sufficient importance, to include in so select a number; but there is strength and animation in reading most of these stories of woman's nobleness and woman's trials; we might, perhaps, wish, that a wider selection, too, had characterized the volume; most of the names seem to belong to one order; but we think it cannot fail to interest and to help; it is a condensation, into four hundred pages, of the lives of excellent women, most of whose names are better known than their merits.

A WELL-TIMED book is *the Papal Drama, a Historical Essay*. By Thomas H. Gill, Author of *the Anniversaries*.—(Long-

mans).—The author has not contented himself, apparently, with taking upon trust, the great or small events of Papal history; his copious references look like wise, careful, and judicious, reading. His pages combine the interrelated stories of the Cæsar and the Pontiff, during the Middle Ages, and they are alive with kindling incident—the battle with the Reformation—the decrepitude of the Popedom. Its agony and its present weakness, fears, and hopes, are all recited in language which has at once firmness and freedom—glow and grace. We are glad to notice also, that Mr. Gill is not merely a bigoted and intolerant Protestant; he is too clear in his views of the essential strength of Protestant conviction, and too well informed, to be this; he is able to do justice to even the occasional popes, who, like Benedict XIV., or Clement the XIV., have deserved the thanks of mankind. We wonder that Lord Macaulay should seem to him, “on the whole, an eminently “Protestant genius,” assuredly he was only so on the admission that Protestantism does not imply conviction. “Voltaire was “on the whole an eminently Protestant genius,” in the same sense it is too much the case that Papists are fond of charging upon Protestantism the absence of all conviction and real faith, and such a criticism would seem to justify their accusation. We have so recently dwelt at length upon these historical phases of the Papacy that we shall not now again dwell upon its historical development—one of the great world mazes and mysteries—How the strength of the Holy Roman empire took Rome beneath its protection, and was in turn the protégé of Rome, every attribute of apparent power being really in alliance with every attribute of real weakness; just as two essentially weak and rotten things may mutually buttress each other into a false and spectral security, the hollowness and corruption proclaim themselves in a mutual collapse. This is the story of the Papal Drama, and this is the condition at present with its great alliance of empire. Mr. Gill’s book is a very admirable companion to the sacred and secular history of Europe. It furnishes the key by which must be opened the secret of much of its development or decay; its distinction in glory, and its decline.

WE need do little more than mention the separate publication of *Notes on Epidemics, for the Use of the Public*, by Francis Edmund Anstie, M.D., F.R.C.P., Senior Assistant-Physician to the Westminster Hospital.—(Jackson and Walford)—Probably most of our readers are acquainted with this very valuable little essay through the pages of the *British Quarterly Review*,

bits repulication, in a more portable and permanent form, is very timely, and we commend it to every household as a little guide, acceptable, not only, in the present moment of fear and panic, but containing advice for all households in all time, or until Typhus and Scarlatina shall be only recollections of past visitations.

A VERY precious little volume is *Characteristics of Christ's Teaching, drawn from the Sermon on the Mount. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Vicar of Doncaster.*—(Alexander Strahan.)—Dr. Vaughan's method is, we may suppose, well known to our readers, and this book is marked by that lucid order in the setting forth the thought, that concise arrangement of practical matters,—that grouping of topics and texts, tending to illustrate the central stem of thought, which make him a model as a pulpit teacher. He does not open new windows, or give new views in the room of a text, but he disposes the curtain or the candle, so that all that is to be seen by the ordinary eye is seen at once. The volume before us is as happy a proof of all this practical skilfulness of the spiritual "Householder bringing forth the "things new and old," or the "wise man with words like nails," as we have received from Dr. Vaughan's pen.

"WHAT is the best and highest type of woman?" is the question proposed, and to which the author attempts an answer, in *The Higher Education of Woman. By Emily Davies.*—(Alexander Strahan.)—We have no space to dispute with the authoress upon some matters which seem to us rather fatally erroneous in her system of thought. She does not believe in masculine or feminine virtues regarded as the property of sex, sex has no innate duties or powers peculiar to itself; the human ideal is higher than the ideal of either womanhood or manhood; "the theory of real distinctions in sex presents a conception "unfortunately not workable," so says our writer. But in the illustration of this doctrine, Miss Davies utters a great deal of common-sense intelligence concerning women as they are, and women as they might be, and their relation to domestic life, and to tell the life and world of woman's usefulness.

SUBJECT and author seem admirably to meet in *The Parables Read in the Light of the Present Day. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D.* (Alexander Strahan)—Parables, it is well known, are the most wonderful lights and illustrations of discourse. The mother's and the nurse's story—the soldier's tale, by his watchfire,—the sailors', on the lonely deep; or the Bedouins', when the tents

are pitched. The evening meal is done, and the starry sky spreads over the sands of the silent desert. Parables, says our writer, are just such stories; but Our Lord's parables, so beautiful as they are, need, sometimes, the light of the present day, to bring out into distinctness their meaning; perhaps not to thoughtful readers, but then, few readers are thoughtful, and fewer still have even the power to think. Matthew Henry said of the unjust judge: "this parable has the key hanging 'at the door,'" so have most of the parables, yet it cannot always readily be found so. Dr. Guthrie attempts to help the readers to the discovery; our readers will understand, that it is impossible for him to do so, without presenting them in the light of his own rich language, illustrated by his own fertile and parabolic stores of imagery.

A singular title, like most of its author's, is *The Ethics of the Dust. Ten Lectures to Little Housewives on the Elements of Crystallization. By John Ruskin, M.A.*—(Smith and Elder).—Lectures really given in substance at a girl's school, and here reported with a variety of fanciful and playful addenda; the lectures become conversational, although far from Socratic; and they abound in those strokes of thought, which must set a great many things in motion, in minds on which they alight. Mr. Ruskin is a poet, who possesses eminently the power to glorify common things, and, even common dust, to his eyes, spreads out before him as a valley of diamonds; and, he finds in the small grains of dust, crystals, which have a life ranged into orders—illustrating crystal virtues and crystal quarrels; crystal caprice, crystal sorrows, and the crystal rest. No doubt, in all this, fancy finds a wonderful play, but the reader will not wish the fancy less; it sheds such an affluent charm and grace over the pages, and the teachings; and if Mr. Ruskin would by no means pass muster with the Sorbonne; or an Assembly of Westminster Divines, even few of his suggestive strokes of light, can work for evil, and most will work for purifying, loving, good.
